

THE AMADOR LEDGER

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CITY OFFICIAL PAPER.

Official Paper of Amador co.

FRIDAY..... JULY 20, 1906

We want a local correspondent in every town in the county. To any one who will regularly send us the happenings in his or her locality, we will not only send the Ledger, but a daily San Francisco paper, and other reading matter, as well as supply the correspondent with all necessary stationery and stamps for correspondence. We must have a live correspondent at every point, even if we have to pay cash for such service. Now who will volunteer for this work.

The Staples' Decision.

The full text of decision of the supreme court in the Staples' murder case will be found elsewhere in these columns. It was received with much satisfaction by a large majority of the people of this community. What ever private opinion may have been entertained of the guilt of the accused, it was generally conceded that the facts sworn to at the trial of the cause did not justify the verdict rendered. Many were outspoken in so declaring at the time. And the Ledger in an article published immediately after the trial, contended that regardless of expenses, the matter ought to be passed up to the highest tribunal for review; that the good name of this community demanded such action, as well as the rights of the defendant. Very few believed that the higher court would sanction the taking of human life by judicial proceeding on the showing made. And it is well to point out that the supreme court has traveled somewhat out of the beaten path in basing its reversal. The defendant's release from the death sentence is not based on flimsy technicalities. That tribunal usually passes upon questions of law purely. The jury is supposed to be the judge of the facts, and the weight to be given to the evidence. The rule is that the court in the course of the trial passes upon the legality of the testimony as it is presented, and objected to by the defense. But after the evidence has been admitted, the jury becomes the judge of its sufficiency. In the Staples' case, however, the appellate court has brushed this doctrine aside, and boldly sets aside the judgment on the ground that the testimony was wholly inadequate to sustain the verdict. The case is discussed at length on its merits, and the conclusion reached that the basic fact of murder was not established; that the proof tended to show that the deceased Mrs. Edna May Staples, died from natural causes—typhoid fever—and not from criminal methods at the hands of her husband, F. N. Staples, the defendant.

Of course, the decision of the court in this shape, is conclusive of the whole matter, unless the prosecution has more direct testimony to present at another trial. It would be utterly futile, and a needless expense to go to trial again without additional and stronger evidence. As far as known, there is no further material testimony to be had.

It is probable, as soon as the remittitur—the official notice from the appellate court to the trial court—is received, which is expected in a few days, that the district attorney will, in face of this decision, move a dismissal of the case. Dr. Staples has been in jail since January, 1905, over 18 months.

The California historical department of the state library requests that all pioneers who arrived in California prior to January 1st 1800, send their names and addresses to the state library, Sacramento. Also members of families of deceased pioneers are requested to communicate with the library. Professional or amateur photographers will confer a great favor by sending pictures of historic landmarks and points of interest in their vicinity for preservation.

Caution to Water Consumers.

To stop the wastage of water during the night, all consumers are hereby prohibited from using water for sprinkling or irrigating after 9 o'clock p. m. Persons found allowing water to run after that hour will be liable to have the supply cut off for all purposes. And a charge will be made in order to have the domestic supply turned on again. I am compelled to adopt this rule, because the wastage lately has been so great, that it has been impossible to keep the tank full at night for protection against fire.

Mrs. C. Richtmyer, Proprietress.

Jackson, July 13, 1906—3t.

The board of city trustees last evening passed a new license ordinance, thoroughly overhauling the ordinance now in force. It will appear in these columns next week, and takes effect in August.

CASTORIA.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of

My Hair is Extra Long

Feed your hair; nourish it; give it something to live on. Then it will stop falling, and will grow long and heavy. Ayer's Hair Vigor is the only genuine hair-food you can buy. It gives new life to the hair-bulbs. You save what hair you have, and get more, too. And it keeps the scalp clean and healthy.

The best kind of a testimonial—
"Sold for over sixty years."

Made by J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Also manufactured at:
SARASAPILLA,
PILLS,
CHERRY PECTORAL.

Table of Contents.

Table of contents for our next week's Magazine section.

"Renaming the Sioux Indians." Twenty-five thousand American Red Men are receiving modern names.

"New Christian science church." Boston dedicates a two million dollar temple.

"Delicate earthquake recorders." "The black seal purse." A little story of the Gamins of a great city.

"The White Company." Alleyne finds his fate in Sir Nigel's lovely daughter.

"Home town improvement." Successful schooling along rural lines—Opportunity; it comes not once but many times.

"Agricultural page." Plan for a modern dairy barn Profitable tomato growing for the cannery, etc.

A Forest of Giants.

It is almost impossible for one who has seen only the eastern or Rocky mountain forests to imagine the woods of the Pacific coast. Pictures of the big trees are as common as postage stamps, but the most wonderful thing about the big trees, says the American Magazine, is that they are scarcely bigger than the rest of the forest.

The Pacific coast bears only a tenth of our woodland, but nearly half our timber. An average acre in the Rocky mountain forest yields 1000 to 2000 board feet of lumber, in the southern forest 3000 to 4000, in the northern forest 4000 to 6000. An average acre on the Pacific coast yields 15,000 to 20,000. Telescope the southern and Rocky mountain forests, toss the northern on top of them and stuff the central into chinks, and, acre for acre, the Pacific forest will out-weigh them all.

To Investigate Earthquakes.

Secretary Metcalf of the department of commerce and labor has ordered the coast survey to make an investigation to ascertain whether there has been any horizontal displacement of the earth's crust on the Pacific coast as a result of the earthquake of April 18 last. This will be necessary in order to rectify existing charts and maps. In India, after the earthquake of 1897, revision of the triangulation showed difference in distance of 25 feet and of 13 feet in height.

Prof. Omori of Japan, who is investigating the effects of the earthquake in San Francisco, says that, if accurate observations had been taken of the smaller shocks, it would be easy to predict when the earth would again tremble. He predicts that small shocks will continue to occur for two years or more, but that there will not be another great shock in that part of the country for fifty years.

Following Still.

Dr. Staples, in addition to drawing sketches, and passing a good deal of his time in singing, also branches out into poetry occasionally. The following lines were received from him this week, accompanied by a letter, the publication of which would be out of place at this time. We shall therefore withhold it until the case is finally disposed of:

God works in a mysterious way,
His wonders to fulfill,
But his demands we must obey.

And follow, follow still,
It is not given us, below,
To see the plan on high.

Not now is it for us to know,
Nor yet to question why?

We must follow where he leads us,
Thorny though the path may be,
Trusting in the blessed Jesus,
Who has suffered like us we.

Though the way be dark and dreary,
And we cannot understand,
Though our hearts are faint and weary,
We will follow his right hand.

We will let that right hand guide us,
Even though it be—to die,
Trusting that he will provide us,
With his own strength from on high.

And when we reach the other shore,
In the way that he has planned,
The mysteries will be no more,
And then—we'll understand.

So we'll follow through the darkness,
Follow, follow through the night,
Follow to eternal brightness,
Follow to eternal light.

We will follow, follow, follow,
As he gently leads the way,
We will follow, follow, follow,
To the realms of endless day.

Written at Jackson, Calif., Sunday
July 1, 1906, by F. N. Staples, M. D.

Kennedy's Laxative Honey and Tar is the original laxative cough syrup and combines the qualities necessary to relieve the cough and purge the system of cold. Contains no opiates. Sold by F. W. Rubner.

Shirt waists must go, and if out prices will sell them, we will sell all we have left; see prices. Jackson Shoe Store.

SCIENTIFIC MISCELLANY

Reported weekly for the Ledger.

A Mystery of the Plant World.—A Novel Experiment.—Ant Cities and Their Garden Produce.—Progress in Diving.—The New Agriculture.—Chemical Affinity Universal—Training Overdone.—The Atom's Make-up.—A Royal Vine.

The appearance of strange plants often follows sudden change in the surface of the soil, and many botanists and others have been disposed to attribute this to seeds, bulbs or spores of a former vegetation that have remained in the ground awaiting favorable conditions for growth. Recent studies in France are thought to confirm this view. Some years ago large quantities of a plant of southern Europe called wolf's milk or cypress-spurge (Euphorbia lathyris, L.) were discovered in a remote two-year old clearing in a large forest of the canton of Petite Malpierre, but two years later these had disappeared, while a thick growth was seen in a neighboring two-year-old clearing, with a few specimens only in a clearing a little more than three years old. M. Fliche is convinced that the plants have been crowded out by the growth of the forest trees. He finds that large Gallo-Roman iron works formerly existed at this spot, and, as the Romans made medical use of the Euphorbia lathyris, he concludes that persons living at the works first introduced the plants, and that on the invasion of the region by forest the seeds lay dormant until the land was again cleared.

A curious friction effect lately described to the Paris Academy of Sciences is produced by rapidly spinning a glass globe filled with water containing a fine powder. When the powder is lighter than water, it collects along the axis of rotation; when heavier, the sphere separates into three zones, with two parallels of latitude equidistant from the equator, the upper and lower segments being clear while the powder is in the central zone and mostly on the boundary lines.

The hillocks of white ants in Ceylon contain chambers about as large as cocoanuts, which enclose sponge-like nests, each occupied by thousands of ants. The "termite truffles" described by Dr. Doffein of Munich are pin-head nodules of white fungus cultivated in these nests as food.

With his new diving suit, M. de Pluvy, the French hydraulic engineer, has made considerably more than 100 descents reaching depths of 150 to 300 feet—much below the limits of ordinary diving. No air is received from the outside. The dress consists of an armor of sheet metal from one-fifth to one-third of an inch thick, with joints and coupling points of pressed leather and rubber, and a helmet with two cylindrical regenerating chambers attached. The air, circulating through the helmet, has its oxygen continually renewed by chemicals in these chambers, regulating valves keeping the pressure in the helmet constant at all depths. Mounting and descending are effected by a cable carried on a drum driven by an electric motor, and this cable also carries the current needed for the respiratory apparatus. The diver communicates with the surface by telephone, while wires run from the armor to electric lights that show the working of the different parts of this complicated "dress."

The improvement of our plants is one of the great world movements now being inaugurated, in the opinion of Luther Burbank, and we may expect the gain in the production of food and other necessities to keep pace for a long time with the demands of increasing population. Not only are the old plants to do better work, but we are to have better plants. Science, our authority tells us, sees better grains, nuts, fruits and vegetables, all in new forms, sizes, colors, and flavors, with more nutrients and less waste, and with every injurious quality eliminated, and with power to resist sun, wind, rain, frost, and destructive fungus and insect pests; fruits without stones, seeds or spines; better fiber, coffee, tea, spice, rubber, oil, paper, and timber trees, and sugar, starch, color and perfume plants. Every one of these, and ten thousand more, are within the reach of the most ordinary skill in plant-breeding.

In argon and helium has been seen the anomaly of elements without chemical affinity. Dr. T. Cooke has shown the London Royal Society that even these gases follow the rule, as at about 1300 degrees C. argon forms an unstable compound with zinc and helium with cadmium.

The dangers of athletics in excess have been recognized by others besides Dr. Robert L. Coughlin, but he has put the results into concrete form. Of 128 deaths among athletes last year, 50 were due to disease and 78 to accident. Cerebro-spinal meningitis was the direct cause of death in nine cases; heart disease in eight; pneumonia in seven; pulmonary tuberculosis in seven; Bright's disease in five; appendicitis in four; typhoid fever in four; suicide in two; apoplexy in one; tonsillitis in one; splenic anemia in one; senility in one. The accidents arose from football in 28 cases; base-ball in 12; horse racing in 9; boxing in 6; gymnastic feats in 3; auto driving in two; golf, hammer throwing, bicycle coasting, hand-ball, polo and wrestling being responsible about equally for the other fatalities. The average age at death from disease was 31; from accident, 26 years 1 month. The conclusions are that athletes are exceptionally liable to heart lesions, fatal complication of pneumonia with heart trouble, infectious disease, and pulmonary tuberculosis; that they average much shorter life than other

persons; and that American football is especially dangerous.

The present atom being made up of smaller corpuscles, attempts have been made to estimate the number of the latter. Some months ago C. E. Guye calculated that the hydrogen atom consists of one negative and one positive electron, and that the latter is the smaller. Prof. J. J. Thomson's latest experiments indicate that the number of negative electrons in the atom corresponds to the atomic weight of the element. This theory would give to the hydrogen atom one negative electron, to the helium atom 4 and to the lithium atom 7, but it seems to be not wholly convincing. The vine of British Royalty at Hampton Court is one of the world's notable plants. It is now in its 138th year, and so carefully it is tended that its average yield is 800 bunches a year, and it has produced 2300. As both tree and fruit are benefitted by occasional curtailing of production, only 500 bunches were allowed to ripen in 1905, the result having been a supply of unusually delicious grapes, most of the bunches weighing more than a pound each.

A sweet breath adds to the joy of a kiss. You wouldn't want to kiss your wife, mother or sweetheart with a bad breath. You can't have a sweet breath without a healthy stomach. You can't have a healthy stomach without proper food digestion. There is only one remedy that digest what you eat and makes the breath as sweet as a rose—and that remedy is Kodol for dyspepsia. It is a relief for sour stomach, palpitation of the heart, and other ailments arising from disorder of the stomach and digestion. Take a little Kodol after your meals and see what it will do for you. Sold by F. W. Rubner.

Quietly Wedded.

Last evening, at the residence of the bride's mother, Mrs. S. White, on Main street, John Mitchell and Miss Sultana J. Goss, widow of Frank Goss, were quietly united in marriage. They will continue to make their home in Jackson, the groom being employed at one of the mines.

Last Wednesday Drs. Gall and Endicott were called to assist Dr. Frieman of Sutter Creek, in an operation on an Italian named Ferenzi, at Martell station, who was suffering from pleurisy. Pus had accumulated in the cavity necessitating the removal of a rib to provide drainage. A similar operation is to be performed by the local doctors named, on a man named John Chirigini, a patient in the county hospital.

THE ORIGINAL LAXATIVE COUGH SYRUP
KENNEDY'S LAXATIVE HONEY-TAR
Red Clover Blossom and Honey Balm on Every Bottle.

BORN.

FROELICH—Near Jackson, July 14, 1906, to the wife of Carl Froelich, a son.

DAVALLE.—At Jackson Gate, July 16, 1906, to the wife of Sam Davalle, a daughter.

MARRIED.

MITCHELL-GOSS.—In Jackson, July 19, 1906, by A. Goldner, J. P., John Mitchell to Mrs. Sultana J. Goss, both of Jackson.

DIED.

WHITE.—In Angels, July 15, 1906, Sylvester Lloyd, infant son of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas White, aged 7 months and 10 days.

HUNTING.—Near New York Ranch, July 15, 1906, Chester Barker Hunting, a native of Vermont, aged 81 years.

GORDON.—In Jackson, July 14, 1906, Mrs. Elizabeth Gordon, a native of Canada, aged 88 years 3 months and 15 days.

Notice of Delinquent Sale

Del Monte Mining and Milling Company.

Location of principal place of business, Jackson, Amador county, California.

Location of works, Railroad Flat Mining District, Calaveras county, California.

Notice.—There are delinquent upon the following described tract, on account of assessments levied on the 4th of July, 1906, the several amounts set opposite the names of the respective shareholders, as follows:

Name. No Cert. No Shares Amt

Andrews, John W. 497 125 7.75

Aydelotte, Minnie W. 100 100 5.00

Aydelotte, Minnie W. 112 200 10.00

Aydelotte, Minnie W. 183 30 1.50

Cunningham, John P. H. 380 400 20.00

Cunningham, Helen H. 32 50 2.50

Cunningham, Helen H. 281 100 5.00

Dorman, Geo F. 283 20 1.00

Dorman, Geo F. 309 10 0.50

Dorman, Geo F. 310 2000 100.00

Cunningham, John P. H. 380 400 20.00

Cunningham, Helen H. 32 50 2.50

Cunningham, Helen H. 281 100 5.00

Dorman, Geo F. 283 20 1.00

Dorman, Geo F. 309 10 0.50

Dorman, Geo F. 310 2000 100.00

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Cunningham, Helen H. 281 100 5.00

Dorman, Geo F. 283 20 1.00

A BARGAIN

A Guaranteed RAZOR and STROP for \$1.50

COME IN AND EXAMINE

RUHSERS
CITY PHARMACY,
Jackson, Cal.

EMPERATURE AND RAINFALL

This table gives the highest and lowest temperature in Jackson for each day, together with the rainfall, as recorded by self-registering instruments kept at the Ledger office.

Date.	Temp. L. H.	Rainfall.	Date.	Temp. L. H.	Rainfall.
19	60-84	0.00	July 17	60-81	0.00
20	62-84	0.00	18	60-85	0.00
21	62-84	0.00	19	57-83	0.00
22	60-86	0.00	20	62	0.00
23	58-85	0.00	21	57-83	0.00
24	58-85	0.00	22	57-83	0.00
25	58-85	0.00	23	57-83	0.00
26	58-85	0.00	24	57-83	0.00
27	58-85	0.00	25	57-83	0.00
28	58-85	0.00	26	57-83	0.00
29	58-85	0.00	27	57-83	0.00
30	58-85	0.00	28	57-83	0.00
31	58-85	0.00	29	57-83	0.00
1	58-85	0.00	30	57-83	0.00
2	58-85	0.00	31	57-83	0.00

Total rainfall for season to date... 35.19 inches
Corresponding period last season 32.31 "

MORE LOCALS.

Frank Irenzi, returned this week from a visit to Stockton and other points.

J. B. Stevens, who was county clerk of this county in 1874-6, and who is now a government employe in San Francisco, came up Monday to attend the funeral of Mrs. Gordon. Mrs. Stevens, a daughter of deceased came with him.

Mrs. C. O'Neil of the Del Monte mine, came to Jackson Monday, to attend the funeral of her father, C. B. Hunting.

Pioneer Flour always has been and still is the best.

The infant child of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas White, formerly of Jackson, died in Angels last Sunday, and the body was brought to this town the following day, and interred in the Catholic cemetery. The child was subject almost from birth to a strange malady. It was subject to hemorrhages of the eyes, nose and other organs. The singularity attracted much notice among medical men, a number of whom visited the afflicted one in the interest of science.

Ice cream at P. Cuneo's to-morrow, and every day thereafter.

About fifty campers and tourists were reported last week to be in the vicinity of Bear river on the way to Silver lake. They got stalled at the point named, on account of the impassable state of the roads, and concluded to wait there until some of the cattle men came along and broke the way. They were principally from Lodi and vicinity.

Bands of cattle are traveling to the mountain pastures almost daily. Kirkwood's and Geo. Murphy's cattle started for their ranges near Silver lake on Tuesday. Plasse's stock will be started to-morrow.

Theodore Crocker and wife, Riley Anderson and Herbert Meek went up on a fishing expedition on Sunday night, to the mouth of Tiger creek, about twenty-five miles away. They returned Monday night. They report fishing very poor in that section at present. There are few in the creek, near its mouth, while the Mokelumne river is too high for this sport. They caught all told thirty-two trout, in the Mokelumne river.

F. W. Ruhser has recently added to his complete drug store equipment, an up-to-date prescription counter. It is by far the handiest and most elaborate thing in that line to be seen in Amador county. It is provided with front shelving, scales, drawers, and a desk on each side. Everything required in preparing the most complex prescription can be had within reach of the druggist. From beginning to end he is not required to leave the counter. It is a great time saver, and at the same time quite an ornament to the store.

Mrs. Breese and her daughter Miss Rachael Breese left Tuesday morning, for San Leandro, where they will make their future home.

Night parties are not much of a success in the fishing line at Lake Tabebu. One day last week a party from Jackson consisting of L. Lamh and four or five others, went to that favorite sporting place and returned before dusk laden with fish. They captured over 70 in all. At night another party tried their hand at the business, with very indifferent success. A few small ones were all the trophies they secured.

John R. Huberty, deputy county clerk, with his family, left Monday for Santa Cruz, for a vacation.

J. P. Wilson, Dentist, Hours 9 a. m. to 5 p. m. Phone—Office, Black 44; residence, Black 523; Jackson.

Give us daily some good bread. Pioneer is the best.

An Austrian miner had his toe badly crushed in the Central Eureka mine early this week, by a rock falling upon it. He was brought to the boarding house of Andrew Perovich on Wednesday, and a surgical operation was performed, involving the removal of the crushed bone. It is believed that the use of the toe will be saved to a great extent. Dr. Phillips operated.

M. Barsi, who has been proprietor of the saloon and boarding house at Martells for several years, has sold out his business to the Galli Bros., who took charge last week. Mr. Barsi and family have moved temporarily to the Badaracco place, two miles south of town, but expect shortly to move into town occupying their own residence on Broadway.

Saturday will be our special sale of summer dress lawns and organdies, 20 to 25 per cent off, on Saturday, don't fail to see our prices for that day. Jackson Shoe Store.

"The church and its finances," will be Rev. C. E. Winnings theme next Sunday evening at 8 o'clock at the Methodist church. All should be interested in so vital a subject. Musical services at 11 a. m. and Sabbath school at 2 p. m.

Rev. W. Tason, rector of the Episcopal church, left Monday morning for several weeks vacation. He will go to Vancouver, British Columbia, having relatives there. His health is not been good of late, and his trip is taken mainly for his health's sake.

Mrs. T. K. Norman, and her daughters, Miss Mayme and Elsie, expect to leave for Santa Cruz on Sunday morning, to remain there several weeks.

CASTORIA.
The Kind You Have Always Bought
Bears the Signature of *Dr. H. H. Plummer*

FOR SALE.—One good milk cow, and calf, one week old. For terms, etc., apply to A. Rechinello, Pine Grove, or to V. Giovannini, Jackson, my 11-1 m.

CASTORIA
For Infants and Children.
The Kind You Have Always Bought
Bears the Signature of *Dr. H. H. Plummer*

Has Stood the Test 25 Years.
The old, original Grove's Tasteless Child Tonic. You know what you are taking. It is iron and quinine in a tasteless form. No cure no pay. 50c.

CASTORIA
The Kind You Have Always Bought
Bears the Signature of *Dr. H. H. Plummer*

CASTORIA
The Kind You Have Always Bought
Bears the Signature of *Dr. H. H. Plummer*

C. B. HUNTING COMMITS SUICIDE.

By Shooting Himself in the Head.

Chester B. Hunting, an old resident of near Jackson, was found dead, lying on a bed in a small house he and his wife were living in on the ranch of John Andrews, his son-in-law, about five o'clock on Sunday evening. The deceased formerly lived near Butte mountain, on the 160 acre tract he has owned there for about 20 years. He and his wife lived there alone, since his children were grown up and married. The weight of years pressed on him as he was over 80, and rendered him incapable of attending to the work of the ranch. So some time ago he rented his place to Harvey Penze, and the aged couple went to live in a small house about a mile above New York Ranch, on the ranch of J. Andrews. On Sunday last Mrs. Hunting prepared the breakfast and after the pair had partaken of the meal, Mrs. Hunting went up to the Andrews' residence, as her daughter, Mrs. Andrews, was sick in bed. Before she went C. B. Hunting tended to the horse he had, and then left the place. He appeared to be as cheerful as usual, and talked over the breakfast table.

On reaching the Andrews house, Mrs. Hunting found her husband there alone. It appears that some time during the day the old man left the Andrews house, and returned to his own residence, a mile away. What time this was Mrs. Hunting, who was the only witness examined at the coroner's inquest, could not say. About five o'clock Mrs. Hunting returned home to prepare supper, and found her husband lying on the bed dead. At first she thought he was sleeping. But on a closer examination she discovered that he was dead, and a pistol beside him, and a gunshot wound on the head told the story of suicide. He had talked of committing suicide, several times. Some three weeks before he took some morphine tablets, so his wife testified, with the intention of putting himself into the sleep that knows no waking. The reasons he gave for wishing to end his life were that his health was failing and he was unable to work. Upon realizing what had occurred, Mrs. Hunting returned to the Andrews house, and John Andrews and his son-in-law repaired to the scene of the suicide, and notified the authorities.

Coroner Huberty held an inquest over the remains the same day, but before the following jurors: Fred B. LeMou, Geo. J. Tucker, James A. Flaherty, W. Radovich, Alvin Pemberton, W. J. Leavy, W. H. Shaw. The verdict returned was that he came to his death from a gunshot wound inflicted by his own hand with suicidal intent.

It seems that deceased left his home for the Andrews place immediately after breakfast, for the purpose of getting some tools. Having secured them he at once started homeward. John Andrews passed by the house about nine o'clock, and saw him there. The old man was near the house, and inquired about some stray calves that were in the inclosure. He passed the place again on his homeward journey, and failed to see him at that time. It is thought that the suicide was committed in the forenoon. The body was cold when found, indicating that death had ensued several hours. The pistol was held over the left temple, a short distance from the head, as no powder marks were visible. The bullet went through the head, struck a window, and fell on a table, where it was picked up. Death must have been almost instantaneous.

This was the third attempt he had made at self destruction. He was not of a despondent disposition. He had been suffering from a chronic trouble, and the future held no hope of relief. With this prospect he believed, and in fact told his relatives, that death was preferable to a life of pain.

The funeral was held on Tuesday, the remains being interred in the Pine Grove cemetery.

"Not Guilty."

The much talked of case against Jos. Visseaux, a saloon keeper of lone, charged with selling liquor within two miles of the Preston School of Industry, contrary to the provisions of an amendment to the codes passed at the last session of the legislature, was tried in June, before Justice McCauley, and a jury, last Friday. District Attorney Vicini appeared for the prosecution, and A. Caminetti for the defendant. After hearing the testimony and argument, the jury brought in a verdict of not guilty. The testimony was inherently weak. It proved that liquor had been sold by the barkeeper, but failed to show that the man in charge, who actually sold the liquor was in the employ of the defendant. It therefore did not show that the defendant was criminally responsible for the act of his employee. In this state of the evidence the jury could hardly do otherwise than acquit. Still taking this fact into consideration it is undeniable that the result was in accordance with popular feeling.

The outcome only serves to emphasize the fact that it is futile to attempt to enforce a law that contravenes the popular idea of justice and right. When an individual's ideas of right come in direct conflict with written law, even though he be selected as a juror to try the case "according to the evidence and the law as laid down by the court," he is face to face with the proposition that he cannot keep faith with both. He must break with one or the other. And almost invariably in such a dilemma a man will elect to satisfy the dictates of his own conscience in preference to man-made laws, which savor of injustice and wrong.

CASTORIA
For Infants and Children.
The Kind You Have Always Bought
Bears the Signature of *Dr. H. H. Plummer*

FOR SALE.—One good milk cow, and calf, one week old. For terms, etc., apply to A. Rechinello, Pine Grove, or to V. Giovannini, Jackson, my 11-1 m.

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A Pioneer Lady Passes Away.

Mrs. Elizabeth Gordon, widow of Judge M. W. Gordon, died at her residence on Saturday last, at the ripe age of 88 years and three months. Long prior to her demise she had been almost helpless from the ravages of time in sapping the foundations of life. She died at the Gordon home, near the Zeila mine, where she had lived continuously for over 50 years, and which for a number of years past was also the home of her son, Geo. A. Gordon and family, who faithfully attended to the deceased in her declining days.

Mrs. Gordon was born in St. Catharines, Canada, March 30, 1818. Her maiden name was Elizabeth Hannah Cutler, eldest child of Jacob and Catherine Cutler. When an infant her parents moved to the United States, first to Kentucky, where in 1835 the subject of this sketch was married to Isaac N. Frisbee, and to them five children were born, four boys and one girl. She was left a widow at the age of 26 years. In 1852 she started from Missouri with her parents and her own five children, in an ox team for California, arriving safely in this state the same year, and settled in Benecia, at that time the capital of the state.

Here she engaged in the hotel business. M. W. Gordon was elected to the legislature, which met in 1853, and while attending the session stopped at the hotel kept by Mrs. Frisbee. He was elected as a member from Calaveras county, which at that time included most of the territory now comprising Amador, and on the special issue of getting a bill through creating the county of Amador. In this he was successful. The acquaintance which thus casually sprang up ripened into an attachment, and they were married in Benecia in 1854, and thereafter they moved to Jackson, then designated by popular vote as the county seat of the newly created county. It was the second marriage for both contracting parties, one daughter of Judge Gordon by his first wife survives, who is now Mrs. J. B. Stevens. Judge Gordon died 17 years ago. The subject of this sketch occupied the dwelling in which she breathed her last for 52 years. She leaves three children, Marion W. Gordon, S. P. agent at Lone, and Geo. A. Gordon, school superintendent of Amador county, and Mrs. Combs, nee Frisbee, by her first husband.

Besides the children above named she leaves nineteen grandchildren, and ten great grandchildren; also two brothers, Milton Cutler of Jackson, Wis., John Cutler of Ukiah, and one sister, Mrs. Julia Patterson, of Lexington, Ky.

Deceased was a devoted and consistent christian, and took an active part in religious and philanthropic work until the burden of years compelled her to rest from her labors. For fifty-two years she was a member of the Methodist church of Jackson, —the oldest member of the local church. She was identified with the church from girlhood days.

The remains were laid to rest by the side of those of her life partner of by-gone years in the Protestant cemetery, the Rev. C. E. Winning officiating. The following were the pall bearers: V. S. Garbarini, A. L. Stewart, H. A. Clark, Geo. W. Brown, M. S. Matson and E. M. Kelly, all sons of old pioneers. Pioneers, native sons and daughters turned out to do honor to one whose more than half century of life had been spent in their midst, and whose christian character and kindly nature will long be remembered by all who knew her.

SLABTOWN ITEMS.

The hay crop in this section is one of the best ever known. Sown grain runs from 1 to two tons per acre. The acreage sown is rather under the average.

Independence day was celebrated at the residence of F. M. Petty by a gathering of the neighbors, who partook of ice cream and indulged in patriotic songs.

Bert Kennedy, of the J. R. Dick's ranch, has gone with his family to the copper mine in the vicinity of Forest Home, owned by W. F. Dotert, leaving his place here in charge of F. M. Petty.

The school trustees have not yet decided upon a teacher for Milligan district for the coming term. There are two applicants. Mrs. Wood of Fruitvale, who gave excellent satisfaction last term, is not an applicant for reemployment.

Frank Davalle is hauling timbers and wood, out on his place here, to the mines around Jackson.

The Advise boys are making regular trips with timbers from the Mace land in Pioneer district, to the Argonaut and Kennedy mines.

J. R. Dicks, who has been working for F. M. Petty for several weeks, intends to leave Saturday for Acampo, for a short stay.

The pasturing ranges in this neighborhood are well stocked with feed. Pasture will be abundant when the stock returns from the mountain ranges in the fall.

Jackson Military Band will give a social dance in Love's hall, Saturday evening, July 28; tickets \$1.

Charley Cademartori has taken the place of Julius Piccardo, in the freight department at the Martell railroad depot. Piccardo is employed as a traveling freight agent for the company.

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CITY TRUSTEES.

City trustees met last evening; all members present.

City attorney R. C. Bole reported that the Electric Light Company was unable to procure the necessary material to complete the arrangements made to light the city, and could not sign the contract and specify the time in which same would be completed.

Trustee Kent reported that the Native Daughters had already commenced to take care of the trees near the cemetery, hence the street and sidewalk committee took no action.

The committee on curfew was instructed to procure a pole and proceed to complete same.

On motion by trustee Kent, duly seconded by trustee Perry, Ordinance No. 25, was adopted by the following vote:

Ayes: Kent, Perry, Tam, Leam and Garbarini.
Noes: none.

Petition from A. Goldner to box up post to be used as a sign, was laid over until August meeting.

Adjourned until Thursday evening, July 26.

Try a little Kodol for dyspepsia after your meals. See the effect it will produce on your general feeling by digesting your food and helping your stomach to get itself into shape. Many stomachs are over-worked to the point where they refuse to go further. Kodol digests your food and gives your stomach the rest it needs, while its reconstructive properties get the stomach back into working order. Kodol relieves flatulence, sour stomach, palpitation of the heart, belching, etc. Sold by F. W. Rusher.

Butte Ditch.

The old Butte ditch, for many years known as the Horn ditch, which in former years conveyed water from Jackson creek to the vicinity of Slabtown and Butte City for mining and irrigating purposes, is again in good running order. Mr. Farwell, superintendent of the Jose Gulch Mining Company, which is operating the quartz mine at Butte basin, has, at considerable expense, cleaned out the ditch throughout its entire length. This work was done mainly to secure a supply of water for running the 10 stamp mill. It is also of much service to the ranchers and gardeners of that neighborhood, who have been without irrigating facilities for many years, on account of the dilapidated condition of this canal. The ditch property is owned mainly by the stockholders of the mine. It is a valuable property in itself, and one, which independent of supplying water for mining, should be made to return a good income on the capital invested from the sale of water for irrigation alone. The residents of the section benefited are elated at the reopening of this ditch. They have keenly felt the loss entailed by its non-usage, and hail with satisfaction the advent of water for raising garden and orchard products as in past seasons of productivity. The owners intend to maintain this canal in good running order hereafter, as a business proposition, whether the demand for mining purposes is maintained or not.

Card of Thanks.

We desire to express our sincere thanks to all who kindly rendered assistance during the last sickness and funeral ceremonies of our beloved mother, Mrs. Elizabeth H. Gordon.

Relatives of Deceased.
Jackson, July 19, 1906.

State of Ohio, City of Toledo, Lucas County.

Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co; doing business in the city of Toledo, county and state aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of One Hundred Dollars for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of Hall's Catarrh Cure.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December A. D. 1886.

A. W. Gleason.
Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials free. F. J. Cheney & Co; Toledo, Ohio. Sold by all druggists, 75 cents. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

The case of O. E. Martin against the Amador Lumber Company was tried in the superior court on Monday and Tuesday last, without a jury. Plaintiff sued the company for \$890, alleged to be due for services as book-keeper etc., at the lumber yard in Amador City. The evidence showed that T. A. Chichizola was the regular book-keeper, and that he hired Martin to straighten out the books, etc., and the contention of the defendant was that the claim, if any the plaintiff had, was against Chichizola, and not against the Lumber Company. After hearing the evidence the judge decided from the bench in favor of defendant, with costs of suit.

It is always well to have a box of salve in the house. Sunburns, cuts, bruises, piles and boils yield to DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve. Should keep a box on hand at all times to provide for emergencies. For years the standard, not followed by many imitators. Be sure you get the genuine DeWitt's Witch Hazel salve. Sold by F. W. Rusher.

Notice to Pay Up.
Having disposed of my business at Martells, all parties indebted to me will please settle their accounts at once at the store of E. Ginochcio & Bro., Jackson, who are authorized to receive said moneys and give receipts for same.

M. BARSII.
Jackson, July 20, 1906.

To Cure a Cold in One Day.
Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25c.

Kodol for Dyspepsia
Digests what you eat.

DeWitt's Witch Salve
For Piles, Burns, Sores.

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Puerto de Santa María Sherries: Royal Wine Company. Oporto, Port Wines: Dubos Freres, Bordeaux. Claret and Sauternes: **CANADIAN CLUB WHISKY**, Hiram Walker & Sons, Limited, Walkerville, Ontario, Canada; John de Kuiper & Zoon, Rotterdam, Gln; Gilka Kuemmel, from J. A. Gilka, Berlin; Bartholomay Brewery Company, Rochester, N. Y., **Knickerbocker Beer**; Doghead Brand of Guinness Stout and Bass' Ale (bottled by Read Bros.

THE OLDEST PAPER
Has largest circulation
Best advertising medium
It pays the Business Man to
Advertise in the Ledger.

THE AMADOR LEDGER

JOB PRINTING, CITY RATES

You can get your Billheads
Letter Heads, etc. printed at
the Ledger for less than you
can buy blank stock for else-
where.
Envelops, per 1000 - - \$3.00
Posters, 1-4 sheet, 50 for - 1.50
" Half sheets " - 2.00

Magazine Section.

BRIDE AT SHIP'S HELM.

MRS. G. W. ROBINSON ASSISTS
HER HUSBAND IN DARING
OCEAN RACE.

Twenty-Eight Foot Yacht Braves
Dangers of Gulf Stream and Treach-
erous Waves Off Cape Hatteras—
Winner Received \$500 Lipton Cup.

After a daring ocean race of 650
miles, the sloop Gauntlet, with Mrs.
Thora Lund Robinson at the wheel,
finished second in the contest for
which Sir Thomas Lipton offered a
\$500 cup. The course of the race ex-
tended from Gravesend Bay, New York
Harbor, to Bermuda. Mrs. Robinson
is the two months' bride of George W.
Robinson, the owner of the boat. It
was a daring race for each of the three
small yachts that competed, but more
so for the Gauntlet, because she was
the smallest of them all, being only 28
feet long from bow to stern. The yawl
Tamerlane, which won the cup, was 40
feet long and the yawl Lila, 39 feet.
All of the craft belong to the Brooklyn
Yacht Club. For eight days these tiny
boats were at the mercy of wind and
wave, so much so that the yawl Lila
was compelled to put into Norfolk har-
bor to save itself from destruction,
while the smaller yacht bravely stuck
to its task. They had to cross the gulf
stream 150 miles off Hatteras, one of
the stormiest spots on the Atlantic.
Experienced yachtsmen were much
surprised that the little Gauntlet was
not wrecked or foundered somewhere
on the way.

BUT TWENTY YEARS OLD.

Mrs. Robinson is only 20 years old
but ever since childhood she has been
used to boating and swimming. For
several seasons she has sailed an eigh-
teen-foot knockabout, making her sum-
mer headquarters near Amboy, on the
lower New York bay. Though small,
she is athletic and skilled in handling
a craft and is said to be without fear
on the water. Storm or sunshine is
all the same to her.

"One of the conditions of our mar-
riage on April 17th," said Mrs. Robin-
son before starting in the race, "was
that I should go in this contest. George
tried to dissuade me a few days after
we were married, but I made him keep
his promise. Although I am rated as
the chief mate and bottle washer, if
you will, of the Gauntlet, I have an
idea that I may superintend things be-
fore I get through."

"Yachting is not new to me. I sailed
a knockabout for years in the lower
bay. I learned to swim because I was
capsized so many times that I had to
learn."

"Mr. Robinson and myself are to
stand watch together, while J. L. Dun-
lap and H. Higgins, the remainder of
the Corinthian crew, will alternate in
keeping watch. Steer? Why you don't
suppose I'm going to be a passenger?
I can, and am going to, do everything
that a good navigator must do."

STUMPED PROFESSIONAL SALTS.
Professional sailors stood aghast at
the courage of the Corinthian tars in
undertaking such a perilous voyage.
Disaster was predicted from the first.
The yawl Lila lost her mainmast
shortly after the start outside Sandy

proposed to accompany the yacht, and
it was with consternation that the re-
gatta committee learned that she
meant to go. Refusal to permit her to
start, threatened to disqualify the
boat, and all appeals were in vain. At
last the committee yielded and permit-
ted her to start.

The Tamerlane finished the course
at Hamilton, Bermuda, at 3 o'clock,
June 3rd, while the Gauntlet did not
arrive until 24 hours later. The result
was in doubt until the finish of this
tiny boat, as the Tamerlane had to al-
low it 16 hours and 10 minutes owing
to the difference in their length.

Thomas Jefferson's Bible.

The Jefferson Bible, with its beau-
tiful red Morocco binding, made no little
trouble in the House while it was a
single forgotten volume reposing under
lock and key at the Smithsonian In-
stitution. Now that it has been photo-
graphed and reproduced in numerous
copies, the little volume has multiplied
care for the Senate. Hardly a man of
the ninety but has had thousands of
requests for the book, and more are
coming in by every mail.

It seems that some enterprising busi-
ness man advertised the Jefferson
Bible prominently in a well-known
magazine. He announced that it could
be had for nothing if one would write
to one's Senator or Member of Con-
gress, concluding his advertisement
with the further statement that he had
gone to considerable expense in having
the advertisement printed, and hoped
readers would turn to his business an-
nouncement on another page.

So it is that requests are rolling in
upon Senators especially, for the pub-
lic seems to have taken the idea that
they are more legitimate prey than
gentlemen at the other end of the
Capitol. Each Senator's quota is but
thirty copies, and the only good way
out of the dilemma appears to be to
print more, just as Congress has done
with the horse book and other popu-
lar Government publications. Better
send for one before the second reprint
is all distributed.

Who For Next President?

From American Spectator.

At considerable expense American
Spectator has obtained opinions and
expressions of the same from all of
the prominent candidates for Presi-
dential nomination. These are all un-
genuine, having come to us over our
own private line, the least longest
wire in the world. The pithy, epi-
grammatic summing up will, of course,
be thoroughly appreciated. The fol-
lowing terse expressions are in an-
swer to our query, "Will you be a
candidate?"

Taft—My candidacy is a weighty
problem, and there is a heavy respon-
sibility attached.

Cannon—I will if I do.

Bryan—The third is the lucky trial.
I shall not get out of communication
with my friends.

Shaw—I have always universally
considered myself a strong candidate.

Hobson—Of course, it is an office of
limited responsibilities—but—

Fairbanks—You'll really have to ask
Mrs. F.

Funston—Am too busy to think of
it, but they do say I was born in
Ohio.

Foraker—I may have to do it just

RUSS BANQUETS JAP.

BARON ROSEN ENTERTAINS THE
FIRST JAPANESE AMBASSA-
DOR TO AMERICA.

Cordial Diplomatic Relations Estab-
lished Following Bloodiest War in
Modern History—Count Aoki the
Guest of Honor.

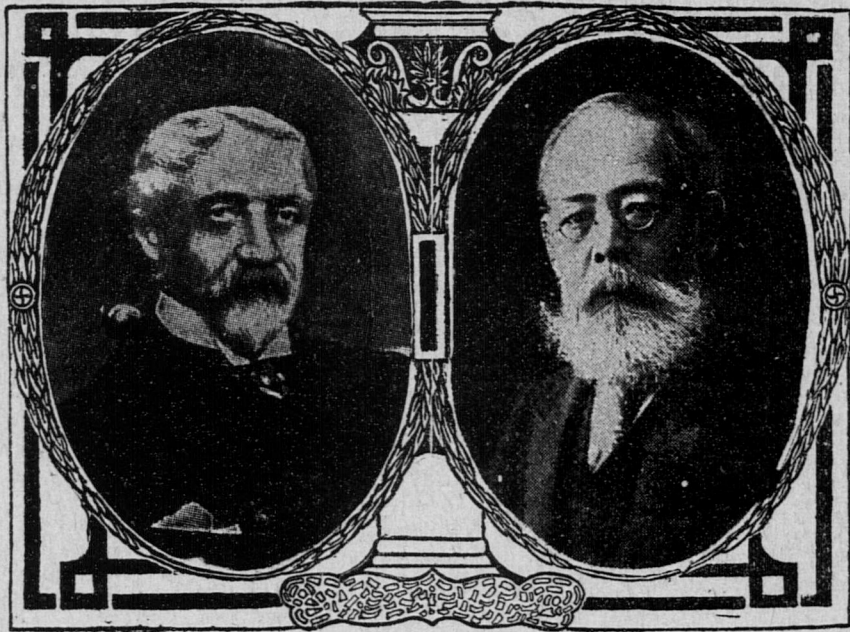
That social ceremonies follow peace
conferences was demonstrated the
other evening, at Washington, when
the Russian Ambassador and Baroness
Rosen gave a dinner to the Japanese
Ambassador and Viscountess Aoki.

While the historic Portsmouth Peace
Conference was concluded many
months ago, and, politically, Japan and
Russia then resumed diplomatic rela-
tions so abruptly terminated at the
commencement of the Russo-Japanese
war, this function marks the resump-
tion of social intercourse between the
representatives of these great nations.

Although Viscount Aoki only ar-
rived in Washington a few weeks ago,
considerable interest has since been
manifested in the personal relationship

Jurgis laughed at the discontent every-
where manifest. "They are not men,"
he exclaimed. What of the "speeding
up" practice of the packers? It was
but play to him to keep abreast of the
fastest. He was working to wed Ona.

They were all cheated shamelessly
by the sharks which infest the great
packing district; they could not speak
English and they were at the mercy of
these parasites. But as new obliga-
tions arose in the buying of a small,
worthless house, sold them by an
unscrupulous agent, etc., etc., Jurgis
but smiled grimly, confident in his
strength, energy and great love for
Ona. "I will work the harder," he says.
And then came a misfortune. Ona, a
mere bloom of a girl of 17, had to go
to work—temporarily. Then a young-
er child. Then Jurgis had a fateful
day, after many months of faithful and
herculean service for the great corpora-
tion. In the melee of a wounded
steer running amuck, he slipped on the
bloody floor and sprained his ankle.
Did the packers give him a short fur-
lough with pay while he was recover-
ing; at least they held his place for
him? Neither. He returned to work,
not very strong looking through pain



BARON ROSEN.

COUNT AOKI.

that would exist between the repre-
sentatives of conqueror and vanquished.

The high art of diplomacy, that so
well masks the innermost thoughts of
those who rise to the heights of an
ambassador, doubtless viewed the so-
cial intercourse between Baron Rosen
and Viscount Aoki as most natural.
But to the uninitiated the part of the
host taken by one—Baron Rosen—
who acted as Russia's peace envoy,
lent peculiar glamour to the occasion.

The treaty of peace between Japan
and Russia marked the close of one of
the bloodiest wars of history. The
dinner given by Baron Rosen in
honor of the representative of the
victorious Japan goes farther, in that
it takes up social intercourse upon a
plane exactly as though war had never
been waged.

Those who were present at this
most interesting social function were
the Minister from the Netherlands and
Mme. van Swinderen, the Counselor of
the Japanese Embassy and Mme.
Myoka, Count and Countess Secken-
dorff, Baroness Elizabeth Rosen, the
charge d'affaires of Spain, Senor Don
Luis Pastor; Baron Schlippenbach, and
Prince Koudacheff, of the Russian
Embassy.

THE JUNGLE.

Mr. Sinclair's Story of the Awful
Methods of the Beef Packers.

No more powerful or terrible book
has been written in recent years than
"The Jungle," by Upton Sinclair. It
seems incredible that such depth of
human misery as the author relates
could be permitted even by the most
callous money maker or the most
soulless corporation; or, on the other
hand, that such vileness and filth in
the preparation of human food could
be permitted; yet most of Mr. Sin-
clair's statements are from personal
knowledge and observation, visiting
the great packing plants, as he did
mostly in disguise. Moreover, his
statements have been abundantly cor-
roborated by President Roosevelt's
special commission, whose confidential
report, containing descriptions of deg-
radation, filth and food pollution, is
too vile to print in a newspaper.

The hero of THE JUNGLE is Jurgis,
a great, broad-shouldered Lithuanian,
who gloried in work, for the mere sake
of it, even if he had had no incentive.
In the far forests of Lithuania, where
he and his father had lived all their
lives, children of nature, Jurgis had
heard of free America, and that as
much as \$10, a week was to be earned
by a willing laboring man, in the great
city of Chicago. And after many argu-
ments and much discussion, he had
prevailed upon his father, and Ona the
sweet blithesome lass to whom he was
betrothed, and her mother and several
children and relatives, to emigrate to
splendid America, where a man may
not always remain a peasant, but
where he has a chance to improve him-
self and rise in the world. Ten dollars
a week was an unheard of fortune.
The peasants of Europe make a few
cents a day.

So they all went to Packingtown, and
the first day that Jurgis stood in line,
being altogether the finest specimen
of a man in the yards, he was beckon-
ed to by the boss and given a job. He
went home jubilant. Two other mem-
bers of the family, one a great strap-
ping woman, also got jobs at once.

and worry, the boss sized him up at a
glance and there was no work for him
in Packingtown, and Ona, whom he had
married meantime was about to be-
come a mother.

Then is recited in THE JUNGLE, a tale
of gradual and heart-rending downfall
in the wearing out by inches, of a
strong man. Jurgis gets a job in the
terrible fertilizer vaults where his head
nearly splits with the poisonous dust
and the stifling fumes of ammonia.
His father dies from the effects of the
awful "speeding up" and the slimy
wet in which he has to work, ankle
deep. Ona, the beautiful, the once
blithe young bride succumbs to the
hateful "System" and Jurgis, powerful
man that he is, his strong spirit broken
by the brutality and irresistible power
of the bosses, becomes a great gaunt,
hollow eyed ghost of his former self.

The story is a tale of the gradual
extermination of a splendid, virile
European family, ground to death by
a "System," by a pitiless monopoly,
which cares no more or not as much—
for its workers than it does for the
carcasses of the animals it converts in-
to food. Incidentally the description
of this process is sufficiently revolting
to turn the stomach of the stoutest
beefsteak.

Oh! could Jurgis, and Ona, and the
rest of them, with their frugality and
their brawn, and their love of life and
work, and joy of a home, have gone
into some rural district to work out
their salvation, what a different story
would have been THE JUNGLE. Some
other name for the book would have
been necessary. What if they could
have gotten a dozen acres, or five acres
of good land somewhere and bought it
for what they squandered uselessly for
their house in Packingtown—they were
turned out and the house resold the
first month they failed of payment—
what a different history would have
been told by the author!

What if the great packing trust, in-
stead of killing men and women, should
provide that its employees could live on
an acre of ground each, or a half acre,
out on the great fertile prairies of
Illinois, quickly reached from the stock
yards by a modern trolley, so that when
they were of necessity, perhaps, "laid
off" for a period of a week, or six
weeks, or on "half time" they would
have a piece of rich land which they
could till and raise enough potatoes and
corn and beans and cabbage to keep
them from starving to death. But the
packing trust—Mr. Ogden Armour and
other millionaires and multi-million-
aires—would make less money; it
would decrease its dividends perhaps
several per cent., and that is not to be
thought of. By getting the best out of
a man, all there is in him in a few
short years, this unnamable Thing can
turn him out and get new blood. It
is evidently most profitable to "speed a
man up" to the wrecking point and
then get new men. This process of
trafficking in human life, coupled with
the abominable and poisonous adulter-
ations and use of diseased animals
which Mr. Sinclair describes at first
hand, enables Mr. Armour and the
others to make very satisfactory per-
centages of profit—to pile up millions
of dividends a year.

It is all a very great story. THE
JUNGLE is not a beautiful one, and well
worth the reading, simply that the
reader may learn something about the
stuff we eat, and at what cost of suf-
fering it is produced.

BACK TO NAPOLI.

STORY OF A FRAGMENT OF REAL
LIFE AS PORTRAYED IN A
NEW STAGE PLAY.

Showing the Operations of the Immi-
gration Law as it Affects Those
who Attempt to Enter the Ameri-
can Portals.

An hour at Ellis Island in New York
harbor, is full of smiles and tears.
The newly arrived immigrant, before
he has changed his native garb, with
his outlandish boxes and bundles still
about him, is eternally interesting.
His meetings and partings are full of
a childish exuberance and abandon.
He is never so picturesque or so
pathetic as when he has just doubt-
fully intrusted himself to the great
machinery of a new land and law.

He hasn't been much on the stage—
this immigrant—but a fragment of his
life finds its way there in a one-act
play called "The Land of the Free,"
by W. C. De Mille, which was seen re-
cently at a Vassar Aid Society matinee.
It is described by the Times as a
simple little story, one that happens
day after day.

In a room of the big immigration
building, with its desk and its blue-
coated official, an Italian workman
walks excitedly up and down. His
clothes are cheap and poor, but they
are plainly not his working garb, and
a bright holiday handkerchief is knot-
ted about his throat. His eyes are
keen and expectant. Evidently it is
a great day for him. It needs little
encouragement from the good-natured
officer to bring out the whole story.

A big Mediterranean steamer is just
landing its steerage passengers. Luigi,
as he peers through the gates at the
incoming crowd, is almost beside him-
self with delight.

"I waita three year," he explains,
breathlessly. "I worka verra hard and
I sava de money to bring to me my
Maria and my two little ones."

He can hardly wait for the gate to
be opened. But the officer has more
to find out. His questioning brings out
further details. Luigi earns \$9 a week
—with his pick and shovel. The wife
is not strong. She speaks a little En-
glish. The officer looks doubtful, but
says nothing.

Then all at once the boat is in.
The Italian catches a sight of them
through the gates.

"Na, na, Signore, she comea last.
She getta lame back and two baby.
Ah—Dio! Maybe she missa da boat—
Ah! Vedete Maria mia Ecco—Vedete
ecco—Ah mia moglie—ecco!"

In another instant, the frail little
wife, in her Neapolitan costume, and
the two children, with their bags and
bundles, are all in their father's arms,
while the officer goes off to make his
report.

With her head on her husband's
shoulder, Maria breathes in Italian:

"Ah, my husband! I see you again,
thank God!"

To which the Americanized Luigi re-
sponds:

"Si, si, carissima, but now talka
English. We all good Americans and
we live in Mulberry street. I gotta da
little room for my Maria an' Fabio an'
Tessa."

Maria marvels at Luigi's great sal-
ary—45 lire—until Luigi is forced to
explain:

"Yes, yes; in Neapoli it is 45 lire,
but in New York it is only \$9, not so
muche."

Then in quick, excited phrase he
draws rosy pictures of a future in
which peanut stands and prosperity
walk hand in hand.

Presently the officer returns. He
draws Luigi aside. His face is kind,
but his words are terrible. It appears
that the little wife does not come up to
the requirements. She is not healthy.
She has no money, and Luigi has only
that \$9 a week. It is not enough to
support a family. The wife must go
back to Naples. It is hard to make
Luigi understand. Maria, hearing
nothing, plays happily with the chil-

dren. The poor husband is stunned.
"Napoli! She go back to Napoli!
No, no. Ah, Dio Mio! You don't un-
derstand," he goes on, wistfully. "I
work three year an' sava da money to
bring her to me. Your boss he can-
not send her back—we live all right
on nine dollar week. I take her away.
You leta me go—eh?"

"It's hard on you," says the officer.
"but it's the law."

Luigi scorns the notion.
"Law? You taka my wife away;
you senda my little boy and girl back
to Napoli, an' you say it is da law.
Na, na. America is a free country.
I pay for her to come to me. I don't
steal, so whata de law got to say?"

But threats, tears, reasonings are
all in vain. Luigi at last stealthily
offers the blue-coated official \$7, his
all, wrapped up in a handkerchief, as
a bribe. The officer frowns and says
firmly:

"I cannot. I didn't make the law.
I can't help you. We have to do this
every day."

"Every day?" Luigi's eyes grow
wide with pain. "You doa this every
day? Ah, Dio! Every day you breaka
da heart!"

Then he goes to Maria, takes her in
his arms, and explains brokenly what
it all means.

"They will not leta you stay—Maria
mia—we have waited long—we musta
stilla wait."

In the face of her fearful dismay he
even tries to be cheerful.

"Say, looka here," he cries; "you goa
back to Napoli now, an' bimebye I
getta da more money. I make may-
be twelve—fifteen dollar week. Then
I senda for you an' Fabio an' Tessa,
an' they letta you stay."

But Maria is overcome.
"Back to Napoli? Alone?" she sobs.

A sudden thought comes to Luigi.
"No, no; not alone. I goa too. If
they senda you, I goa too."

He rushes over to the officer with
his poor seven silver dollars, only to be
met with the cruel truth, "Not half
enough for your ticket."

Meanwhile the boat is returning.
The officer lays his hand kindly on
Maria's shoulder. The children look
wonderingly on. Painfully the little
trio pick up their bundles and turn
back to the great gates. Luigi em-
braces them between his sobs.

"Don'ta cry, carissima; don'ta cry—
I soon make twelve, fifteen dollar
week and buya da peanut stand, an'
I keep da little home. Then you come
again to stay. Don'ta cry—you goa to
the Mader in Napoli. Ah, Dio! We
have waita three year an' I must senda
you back. Maybe next year I send for
you again."

As they pass out of his sight his
voice falls him and he falls sobbing
against the gate.

The author is said to have got his
idea for the piece from a newspaper
paragraph read at the breakfast table
describing in three lines a case of the
sort.

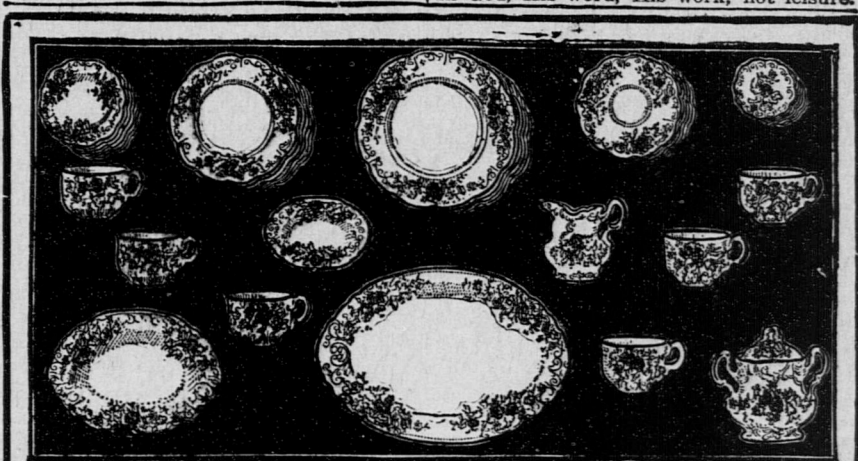
* * * * *
Robert Paton Gibbs, who played
Luigi, studied his type with the help
of a Neapolitan who has been long
enough away from home to know the
salient characteristics of his own
people. The extra wome: who fit so
well into the picture are caretakers of
the Hudson theater.

"We used to rehearse the piece every
now and then down in the coal cellar,"
explained Mr. Gibbs, "and these two
women used to come and weep over it."

Live Healthily.

Horace Smith,
The English Poet. Born 1779. Died
1849.

Ye who would have your features florid,
Lively, bright eyes, unwrinkled fore-
head,
From age's devastation horrid,
Adopt this plan—
'Twill make, in climate cold or torrid,
A hale old man (or woman).
Avoid in youth, luxurious diet;
Restrain the passions' lawless riot;
Devoted to domestic quiet,
Be wisely gay;
So shall ye, spite of age's flat,
Resist decay.
Seek not in Mammon's worship pleasure,
But find your richest, dearest treasure
In God, His word, His work, not leisure.



THIS MAGNIFICENT COTTAGE DINNER SET FREE.

Forty-two pieces of American China (semi-porcelain) given FREE for a small club of subscribers. Six dinner plates, 6 plates, 6 cups and saucers, 6 fruit, 6 butters, a sugar bowl with lid, a cream pitcher, a vegetable dish and an olive dish, all of the best ware, decorated in five colors and gold. This is not a cheap "premium" set, but just such ware as you would buy at a first-class store. Freight paid to any post east of Denver.

THE OFFER Send 12 new yearly subscriptions to THE HOUSEKEEPER at 80 cents each and receive the Cottage Dinner Set, freight paid, as a reward for your trouble.

Sample Copies and Agents' Supplies sent on application FREE. Hundreds of ladies who have received one set are working for the second.

OUR GREAT "GET ACQUAINTED" COUPON OFFER

The Housekeeper contains serial and short stories, verse, illustrated articles of general interest and the best and most helpful household departments ever put together. Let us get acquainted. We will bear the expense of the introduction if you will cut out and mail Coupon No. 2.

THE HOUSEKEEPER CORPORATION, Dept. M, MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.



Mrs. Thora Lund Robinson.

Hook, and had to put back for a new spar, which was immediately prepared to permit her to restart the following Tuesday. The Tamerlane's navigator seeing the Lila's plight, decided that it would be an unfair advantage to continue in the race, and she, too, put back. The people of the little Gauntlet did not see the accident to the Lila, it is supposed, for the sloop kept right on in her sea-smashing trip to Bermuda.

The three yachts that contemplated the trip lay at anchor off the Brooklyn dock all morning, with their owners and crew busily at work preparing them for their severe test. On board the little Gauntlet, Mrs. Thora Lund Robinson was as busy as the rest making things shipshape about the boat. Until the day before the race no one took seriously her statement that she

to get that Roosevelt fellow out. Roosevelt—Didn't I say all along that there would be no third tier for me. After what's happened I suppose you'll believe it now.

Hearst—I have enough capital to command labor.

Root—

Heaven On Earth.
Be such a man, live such a life, that if every man were such a man as you and every life a life like yours this earth would be God's Paradise.—Phillips Brooks.

Honduras has a debt of about one hundred million dollars or about \$1,300 a head.

There are three hundred million British subjects in Asia.

OUR HOME TOWN.

A Department Devoted to Village Betterment.

RICHARD HAMILTON BYRD.

"My ideal of civilization is a very high one; but the approach to it is a New England town of some two thousand inhabitants, with no rich man and no poor man in it, all mingling in the same society, every child at the same school, no poorhouse, no beggar, opportunities equal, nobody too proud to stand aloof, nobody too humble to be shut out. That's New England as it was fifty years ago. . . . The civilization that lingers beautifully on the hillsides of New England, and nestles sweetly in the valleys of Vermont, the moment it approaches a crowd like Boston, or a million men gathered in one place like New York, rots. It can not stand the greater centers of modern civilization."—Wendell Phillips.

It is a well-known fact that the cities are rapidly sapping the strength of the village communities and the country towns by destroying local trade and undermining the local spirit. The very life of the country town depends upon the checking of this paralyzing force and the protection of local interests.

The only way this can be accomplished is by arousing local sentiment in favor of the improvement of local environment, the beautifying of home surroundings and the maintenance of LOCAL BUSINESS by LOCAL TRADE.

To that end the editor of this department desires to keep in touch with the active members of Civic and Local Improvement Associations, and every one interested in the improvement and the protection of rural village life.

What is being done in your town to encourage small industries and for home employment? What is being done along the line of street improvement and the beautifying of private lawns and public parks?

Are your local merchants receiving the support of the local trade?

Experience, plans and suggestions will be welcomed by the editor of this department and so far as possible given place in these columns.

MAIL ORDER BUSINESS.

ENORMOUS STRUCTURES TO BE ERECTED BY MONTGOMERY WARD AND COMPANY AND OTHERS.

Suggests Question Whether Giant Catalogue Houses are Benefit or Detriment to the Farmer and the Country Generally.

Chicago is to have the greatest building the world ever constructed for commercial purposes. It will have a floor space of 50 acres—a good sized farm. It is to be 10 stories high, including the basement, and were it to be all stretched out on one floor it would cover 13 of the big city blocks in the windy city. It will be 900 feet in length and 270 feet wide and will be built of steel and concrete. The cost will be \$2,500,000. The present building occupied by Montgomery Ward and Company is a huge affair, but is stated to be entirely inadequate to the needs of this enormous mail order house, and so this new pile is to be constructed.

It seems to be the time of big commercial houses in the great centers of the country. Another big firm is to erect a building on Chicago avenue, which will contain a million square feet—200 feet by 800 feet; Sears, Roebuck and Company is a big Chicago business rival of the Montgomery Ward firm, and has just also been incorporated to do business in New York, with a capitalization of \$40,000,000, paying the State incorporation tax of \$20,000.

TO BE PROUD OF.

These are fine projects, and at first thought may make one proud of American business institutions, but what is the real effect of the success of these gigantic commercial houses upon the country's prosperity? How does their business affect the country merchant, the country banker, the country town itself and in fact the country people who are the patrons of the great mail order houses. What creates the village, the town, the thriving city? What keeps it a live and bustling center rather than a dead congregation of a few houses with one or two miserable stores? It is the patronage and support, is it not, of the surrounding country homes. Towns are built up only when they have support from an agricultural territory, if agriculture is the surrounding industry, which is the case in nine out of ten instances. But conversely, the richness of the soil alone does not make the most valuable farms.

THE MARKET FOR PRODUCTS.

There must be a good market for the farm product; if the farm is adjacent to a live growing town supporting active and well-to-do people, the market for the farmer's products will be active and the prices good. If the town be a dead one, he will have to turn elsewhere to dispose of his products, and perhaps incur heavy transportation charges in their shipment. This fact is set forth unmistakably in the last census figures which show that in a small area of the United States, the regions where factories abound—a district comprising but little over 10 per cent. of the United States—the value of the farm lands is over half that of all of the arable land in the entire country. The farms in these regions are located close to the factories, which afford a profitable home market



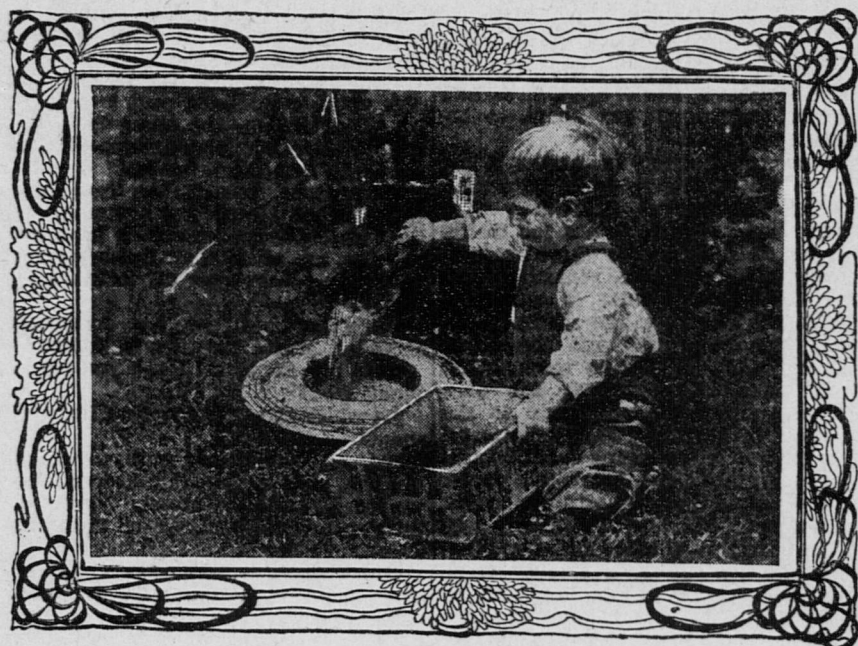
for all the agricultural products. So that the greatest factor in land value is the nearness to good markets. It becomes plain, therefore, that the better the home town can be made, the more valuable is the farm land tributary to it. In the purely agricultural sections, the average country town is located in the center of from 75 to 150 square miles of territory; that is the town is supported by the trade resulting from that area of farms. According to federal statistics the average farmer spends \$627 a year for supplies—clothing for his family, household utensils, food that he does not grow himself, farm implements, etc.

Now it must be evident that if a plan were to be followed looking to the

greatest good for the greatest number, the farms of each agricultural area surrounding a town should support that town to their uttermost.

KEEP THE MONEY AT HOME.

Every dollar that the farmer spends in the town indirectly comes back to him in the way of benefits. The town grows, it supports better stores, more churches, better schools to which he can send his children, furnishes better near-at-hand markets for his products, and finally increases the very value of his farm land. As a good illustration, the Dry Goods Reporter assumes that such an agricultural town has a population of 1000, its support coming from the country tributary to it. The life of the town is its retail trade. If it secures the entire purchasing business of the farmers, it must of necessity grow rapidly. But Montgomery Ward and Co., Sears, Roebuck and Co., and others of the enormous mail order houses send out their great four or five pound catalogues describing everything under the sun. Suppose that instead of spending his \$600 a year in his home town, each farmer in the community diverts 50 per cent of his trade from his town and sends \$300 a year to the catalogue houses; it means that half of the business of the town is gone. On the basis of one hundred or one hundred and fifty square miles of territory to support the town, it can be estimated that there are five hundred farmers in the district. Three hundred dollars a year in trade from each of the farmers means that one hundred and fifty thousand dollars annually is taken from the home town.



GETTING ACQUAINTED WITH MOTHER EARTH.

In the course of ten years, this means one and one-half million dollars. Averaging the profit on this amount at twenty per cent, it means that in ten years' time three hundred thousand dollars profits are taken from the town.

Now, on the other hand, should the farmer, instead of sending away his money to the foreign place for goods he requires, give all his trade to the home town, its business would be immediately doubled, and with twice the employment for the people. Year after year, the profits made by the merchants would be retained in the town, would seek investment in starting new industries, and at the end of the ten-year period, instead of a town of one thousand, there would be a lively city of from two to three thousand, and every acre of farm land within the trade radius of the town would be enhanced in value from ten to twenty dollars.

ENRICHING THE BIG CITIES.

It can be plainly figured out that the individual farmer who would divert half his trade to Chicago, New York or some other foreign city, in the course of ten years would send away three thousand dollars. If it were possible that he could save ten per cent on this amount, in ten years' time he would save three hundred dollars. His only compensation would be a dead home town, poor schools, a poor home market, and no increase in the value of his real-estate holdings.

On the other hand, by giving his patronage to the home town, even though he must pay the merchant ten per cent more than the foreign house, the result would be like this: On account of increase in farm values, one hundred and sixty acres of land worth ten dollars more per acre, sixteen hundred dollars; or, thirteen hundred dollars better off in ten years than if he gave half his patronage to the foreign concern. His home town is a lively one, all public improvements, all modern conveniences, high schools, to which he could send his children cheaply, good churches, good roads, and everything that can add to the comfort and happiness of its residents, and those who reside near it. Notwithstanding, that the farmers' land is enhanced in value, his taxation will be but little greater, as the business inter-

ests of the town will pay the burden of taxation, and the amount of each tax-payer will be less in proportion to carry on government.

IS THE SAVING A REAL ONE?

While the country household, in looking over one of the big catalogues and sending an order for \$50 worth of goods, may be able to figure out an immediate saving of five or six dollars, even after they have paid the freight, there is no question as to the final outcome, if the practice is persisted in by all the people of any particular locality. The home town will suffer, the home market will fall to increase, if it does not decrease, as will also the value of the farm lands. Undoubtedly the catalogue houses can sell goods cheaper than the average country store, for they do a cash business,—you send on your cash with your order. There is no risk in the catalogue or mail order house business. Possibly if you arranged to do business on the same basis with your country merchant—cash down with your purchase—you could get almost as favorable prices. But the country merchant is supposed to extend credit to every one; he has bad bills which he never collects and consequently must make a greater percentage of profit on the things he sells.

Every community which is imbued with the spirit of building up its own industries and of supporting its home town with local pride, is sure to be the most prosperous; there can be no gain-saying this fact.

THE HOME GARDEN.

The Story of the Boy and His Little Plot of Ground

At the age of five every boy is by instinct a gardener. If guided by opportunity, example and intelligent direction he will dig, plant and develop an interest in growing things; lacking these the call of mother nature leads to mud pies. Given a square yard of mellow ground, a tiny hoe and a handful of beans, a healthy five-year-old boy will have a combination that excels anything yet designed in "nature study."

From five to ten the world begins to dawn. He looks up and out; he sees and imitates, but does not reason. He should play without hindrance. If the square yard of ground be enlarged to a rod, the handful of beans to a collection of seeds (the kinds for sale in the grocery stores are best as these have brilliantly colored pictures on the packages and the boy learns thereby what manner of a thing he is to expect), this square rod will be the play ground to a surprising extent.

He may not plant the kinds you expect or want him to plant, as his view point is different from yours. It is unwise to insist on any given plan. Let this garden be his own. If it has been entirely to carrots or cabbage let it remain carrots and cabbage, for they are more to him than your choice variety. It is unwise to expect careful pains-



GETTING ACQUAINTED WITH MOTHER EARTH.

taking effort and constant care from a boy of this age; encourage it but do not compel it.

He can be taught by example all of the needs of plant growth but his hoeing and weeding may be superficial. If you ask him he will allow you to dig in his garden to loosen the soil deeper than his strength permits. It is wise to do this for there must be carrots and cabbage to harvest or there will be no play ground here next year.

If the boy of five has been allowed the run of a garden, if at eight he has a garden of his own, at ten he will love gardening and will have absorbed an amazing store of knowledge, and to him may be imparted at this age in a way and manner that will awaken the purest and best that is in him, the mystery of life.

A pumpkin plant on a compost heap, sending its vigorous shoots over the weeds, climbing where it cannot creep, trusting its snake like head through the garden fence, is a thing of wonder to a boy if he is but taught to see it, and when its great golden blossoms appear there is a still greater wonder unfolded.

Boys of twelve and fourteen may desert the garden for the ball field or the fishing rod, and it is well they should, for the serious time of life is coming soon and play days should be as many and long as school and home duties will permit. But a garden for a boy at this age may be a greater factor in his training for life than at any other, for by this time the "root of all evil" has entered his soul; he has learned that money is essential in order to procure the many things a boy must have, and the garden, which to this time has been a recreation field, a place of wonderful possibilities in the way of good things to eat and pumpkins for jack-o'-lanterns, may be a most fertile field of revenue.

Whatever the crop the proceeds should be wholly his own, if he has produced the crop wholly by his own efforts. There is but one way that he can learn the value of money and that is by earning it. The wise use of money must also be learned but that is outside the sphere of gardening.

From address of Prof. Cranefield, Wisc. Agr. College.

BE A HOMECROFTER

Learn by Doing. Work Together.
Give every Man a Chance.

THE SLOGAN OF THE HOMECROFTERS IS

"Every Child in a Garden—Every Mother in a Homecroft, and Individual, Industrial Independence for Every Worker in a Home of his Own on the Land."

"A little croft we owned—a plot of corn,
A garden stored with peas and mint and thyme.
And flowers for posies, oft on Sunday morn,
Plucked while the church bells rang their earliest chimes."
—Wordsworth.

"The Citizen standing in the doorway of his home—contented on his threshold, his family gathered about his hearthstone, while the evening of a well spent day closes in scenes and sounds that are dearest—he shall save the Republic when the drum-tap is futile and the barracks are exhausted."—Henry W. Grady.

"The slums and tenements of the great cities are social dynamite, certain to explode sooner or later. The only safeguard against such dangers is to plant the multiplying millions of

our fast increasing population in individual homes on the land—homecrofts, however small, owned by the occupant, where every worker and his family can enjoy individual industrial independence."—George H. Maxwell.



THE FIRST BOOK OF THE HOMECROFTERS

HAS JUST BEEN PUBLISHED AND AMONG ITS CONTENTS ARE THE FOLLOWING ARTICLES OF ABSORBING INTEREST

The Brotherhood of Man

Charity that is Everlasting

The Secret of Nippon's Power

Lesson of a Great Calamity

The Sign of a Thought

This book is the first of a Series that will Chronicle the Progress of the HOMECROFT MOVEMENT and inform all who wish to co-operate with it how they may do so through the formation of local Homecrofts' Circles, Clubs or Gilds to promote Town and Village Betterment, stimulate home civic pride and loyalty to home institutions, industries and trade, improve methods and facilities of education in the local public schools, and create new opportunities "At Home" that will go far to check the drift of trade and population to the cities.

The first Gild of the Homecrofts has been established at Watertown, Massachusetts. The Gildhall, Shops and Gardens are located at 143 Main Street, where the Garden School is now fully organized and over one hundred children are at work in the Gardens. The departments for training in Homecroft and Village Industries are being installed. The Weavers are already at work at the looms.

It is not designed to build here an isolated institution, but to make a model which can be duplicated in any town or village in the country.

Copies of "THE FIRST BOOK OF THE HOMECROFTERS" can be obtained by sending twelve two-cent stamps with your name and address (carefully and plainly written) to The Homecrofts' Gild of the Talisman 143, Main St., Watertown, Massachusetts.

There is New Hope and Inspiration for every Worker who wants a Home of his own on the Land in the CREED AND PLATFORM OF THE HOMECROFTERS' which is as follows:

"Peace has her victories no less renowned than war."

EDUCATION
CO-OPERATION
OPPORTUNITY
HOMECROFTS

We believe that the Patriotic Slogan of the Whole People of this Nation should be "Every Child in a Garden—Every Mother in a Homecroft—and Individual Industrial Independence for Every Worker in a Home of his Own on the Land," and that until he owns such a Home, the concentrated purpose and chief inspiration to labor in the life of every wage worker should be his determination to "Get an Acre and Live on it."

We believe that the Slums and Tenements and Congested Centers of population in the Cities are a savagely deteriorating social, moral and political influence, and that a great public movement should be organized, and the whole power of the nation and the states exerted for the betterment of all the conditions of Rural Life, and to create and uphold Centers of Social and Civic Life in Country and Suburban Towns and Villages, where Trade and Industry can be so firmly anchored that they cannot be drawn into the Commercial Maelstrom that is now steadily sucking Industry and Humanity into the Vortex of the Great Cities.

We believe that every Citizen in this Country has an inherent and Fundamental Right to an Education which will train him to Earn a Living, and, if need be, to get his living straight from Mother Earth; and that he has the same right to the Opportunity to have the Work to Do which will afford him that living, and to earn not only a comfortable livelihood, but enough more to enable him to be a Homecrofter and to have a Home of his Own, with ground around it sufficient to yield him and his family a Living from the Land as the reward for his own labor.

We believe that the Public Domain is the most precious heritage of the people, and the surest safeguard the nation has against Social Unrest, Disturbance or Upheaval, and that the Cause of Humanity and the Preservation of Social Stability and of our Free Institutions demand that the absorption of the public lands into speculative private ownership, without settlement, be forthwith stopped; and that the nation should create opportunities for Homecrofters by building irrigation and drainage works to reclaim land as fast as it is needed to give every man who wants a Home on the Land a chance to get it.

We believe that, as a Nation, we should be less absorbed with Making

Money, and should pay more heed to raising up and training Men who will be Law-Abiding Citizens; that the welfare of our Workers is of more consequence than the mere accumulation of Wealth; and that Stability of National Character and of Social and Business Conditions is of greater importance to the people of this country as a whole than any other one question that is now before them; and we believe that the only way to Preserve such Stability, and to Permanently Maintain our National Prosperity, is to carry into immediate effect and operation the Platform of the Talisman, which is as follows:

EDUCATION, EMPLOYMENT AND HOMES ON THE LAND.

1. That children shall be taught gardening and homecroft in the public schools, and that Homecroft and Garden Training Schools shall be established by county, municipal, state, and national governments, where every boy and every man out of work who wants employment where he can gain that knowledge, can learn how to make a home and till the soil and get his living straight from the ground, and where every boy would be taught that his first aim in life should be to get a home of his own on the land.

BUILD HOMECROFTS AS NATIONAL SAFEGUARDS.

2. That the New Zealand system of Land Taxation and Land Purchase and Subdivision, and Advances to Settlers Act, shall be adopted in this country, to the end that land shall be subdivided into small holdings in the hands of those who will till it for a livelihood, and labor find occupation in the creation of homecrofts, which will be perpetual safeguards against the political evils and social discontent resulting from the overgrowth of cities and the sufferings of unemployed wage-earners.

PROTECTION FOR THE AMERICAN HOMECROFT.

3. That Rural Settlement shall be encouraged and the principle of Protection for the American Wageworker and his Home applied directly to the Home by the Exemption from Taxation of all improvements upon, and also of all personal property, not exceeding \$2,500 in value, used on and in connection with, every Homecroft or Rural Homestead of not more than ten acres in extent, which the owner occupies as a permanent home and cultivates with his own labor and so provides therefrom all or part of the support for a family.

ENLARGEMENT OF AREA AVAILABLE FOR HOMEMAKING.

4. That the National Government, as part of a comprehensive national policy of internal improvements for river control and regulation, and for the enlargement to the utmost possible extent of the area of the country available for agriculture and Homes on the Land, and for the protection of those Homes from either flood or drought, shall build not only levees and revetments where needed, and drainage works for the reclamation of swamp and overflowed lands, but shall also preserve existing forests, reforest denuded areas, plant new forests, and build the great reservoirs and other engineering works necessary to safeguard against overflow and save for beneficial use the flood waters that now run to waste.

RECLAMATION AND SETTLEMENT OF THE ARID LANDS.

5. That the National Government shall build the irrigation works necessary to bring water within reach of settlers on the arid lands, the cost of such works to be repaid to the government by such settlers in annual installments without interest, and that the construction of the great irrigation works necessary for the utilization of the waters of such large rivers as the Columbia, the Sacramento, the Colorado, the Rio Grande, and the Missouri, and their tributaries, shall proceed as rapidly as the lands reclaimed will be utilized in small farms by actual settlers and homemakers, who will repay the government the cost of construction of the irrigation works, and that the amount needed each year for construction, as recommended by the Secretary of the Interior, shall be made available by Congress as a loan from the general treasury to the Reclamation Fund, and repaid from

lands reclaimed, as required by the National Irrigation Act.

SAVE THE PUBLIC LANDS FOR HOMEMAKERS.

6. That not another acre of the public lands shall ever hereafter be granted to any state or territory for any purpose whatsoever, or to any one other than an actual settler who has built his home on the land and lived on it for five years, and that no more land scrip of any kind shall ever be issued, and that the Desert Land Law and the Commutation Clause of the Homestead Law shall be made to conform to the recommendations of the Public Lands Commission appointed by President Roosevelt and of the Message of the President to Congress.

PLANT FORESTS AND CREATE FOREST PLANTATIONS.

7. That the Timber and Stone Law shall be repealed, and that all public timber lands shall be included in permanent Forest Reserves, the title to the land to be forever retained by the National Government, stumpage only of matured timber to be sold and young timber to be preserved for future cutting, so that the forests will be perpetuated by right use; and that the National Government shall, by the reservation or purchase of existing forest lands, and the planting of new forests, create in every state National Forest Plantations from which, through all the years to come, a sufficient supply of wood and timber can be annually harvested to supply the needs of the people of each state from the Forest Plantations in that state.

CONTROL AND USE OF THE GRAZING LANDS.

8. That all unlocated public lands not otherwise reserved shall be reserved from location or entry under any law except the Homestead Law, and shall be embraced in Grazing Reserves under the control of the Secretary of Agriculture, who shall be empowered to issue annual Licenses to graze stock in said Grazing Reserves, but such licenses shall never be issued for a longer period than one year on agricultural lands or five years on grazing lands, and all lands classified as grazing lands shall be subject to reclassification at the end of every five years; that no leases of the public grazing lands shall ever be made by the National Government, and that the area of the homestead entry shall never under any circumstances be enlarged to exceed 160 acres.

RESERVE STATE LANDS FOR HOMESTEAD SETTLERS.

9. That the public land states shall administer the state lands under a system similar to and in harmony with the national public land system above outlined, and that each state shall enact a State Homestead Law for the settlement of lands owned by the state, and that state lands shall be disposed of only to actual settlers under such law, and that all state lands shall at all times remain open to Homestead Entry.

UNITED OWNERSHIP OF LAND AND WATER.

10. That it shall be the law of every state and of the United States, that beneficial use is the basis, the measure, and the limit of all rights to water, including riparian right, and that the right to the use of water for irrigation shall inhere in and be appurtenant to the land irrigated, so that the ownership of the land and the water shall be united, and no right to water as a speculative commodity ever be acquired, held or owned.

THE COMING PEOPLE.

"Outward changes, economical and political, more or less marked, are always going on in the forms and organizations of society. But to-day one can make a specially strong argument that great and radical changes are impending. No one can believe that existing conditions will continue in a world where all things move and change. Waste, extravagance, political corruption, fierce mercantile rivalries, colossal monopolization of wealth and of the industrial plants of the world, masses of dreary poverty,—these are natural subjects for profound, patriotic and humane concern. Is not the old social and industrial machinery, the competitive or wage system, showing signs of breaking down beneath its load?"

"The question is quite fair whether any system is just that permits individuals to roll up immense fortunes as the result of lucky speculations, or of the rise of land values about a great city, that permits other individuals to inherit almost unlimited money power, as men once inherited duchies and kingdoms, while millions of workingmen, with small wages, live close to the danger line of debt, or even of cold and starvation, and are liable to be thrown out of employment for months at a time."

"When in the face of natural wealth, never so abundant, and forces of production augmented indefinitely by science and invention, so many almost fail to reap any benefit from the resources which surely belong to the race, it must at least be confessed that our present system, both of production and of distribution, is not intelligently or humanely managed. Its results do not represent an ideal democracy, a brotherhood of man."—From "The Coming People," by Chas. F. Dole.

It behooves everyone who has eyes to see and ears to hear and a brain with which to think to study the tremendous social problems with which we are face to face to-day.

Whether they are settled right or wrong will affect every member of the community. No one can escape the evils that will result from a wrong settlement and everyone will be benefited by a right settlement.

Nothing is more important than that we should get started right. There is no danger and inspiration in every line of "THE COMING PEOPLE," by Chas. F. Dole.

In order to bring this book within the reach of all, a popular edition has just been issued by the Homecrofts Gild of the Talisman which can be had for 25 cents, postage included. Remit by postal money order, express money order or postage stamps to "THE HOMECROFTERS, 143 Main St., Watertown, Mass."

Sequel to "The Sign of the Cross" By Sir A. Conan Doyle

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Synopsis of preceding chapters at end of this installment.

CHAPTER VII.

If he might not return to Beaulieu within the year, and if his brother's dogs were to be set upon him if he showed face upon Minstead land, then he must stay away upon earth. North, south, east and west—he might turn where he would, but all was equally chill and cheerless. The Abbot had rolled ten silver crowns in a letter, and he had left the money; it was a sorry support for twelve long months. In all the darkness there was but the one bright spot of the sturdy contrast whom he had left behind him. If he could not see them again all would be well. He pushed on, therefore, now walking and now running.

The forest began to shed out into scattered belts of trees with gleam of meadow and stretch of pasture-land between. Here and there by the wayside stood little knots of wattle-and-daub huts, with smoke rising from their chimneys and red-checked comrades of the morning seated astraddle upon a fallen tree. They had a flat space before them, on which they alternately threw little square pieces of bread and were so intent upon their occupation that they never raised eyes as he approached them. He observed with astonishment, as he drew near, that the archer's bow was in John's side, and the steel cap laid upon the tree-trunk between them.

"Mort de ma vie!" Aylward shouted, looking at the dice. "Never had I such cursed luck. A murrain on the bones! I have not thrown a good man since I left Navarre. I am like to reach Christchurch in my shirt." He then suddenly lancing up, he said, "I am a man of heaven, here is our cher pet! Now, by my ten finger-bones! This is a rare sight to mine eyes!" He sprang up and threw his arms round Alleyn's neck, while John, less excited, but more backward and saxon in his habits, stood grinning and bobbing by the wayside, with his newly-won steel cap stuck wrong-side foremost upon his tangled hair.

"Hast come to stop?" cried the bowman, patting Alleyn all over in his delight. "Shall not get away from us again."

"I wish no better," said he, with a prinking in the eyes at this hearty greeting.

"Well said, lad!" cried big John. "We three shall to the wall together, and the devil may fly away with the Abbot of Beaulieu! But your feet and hose are all besmudged. Hast been in the water?"

"I have in good sooth," Alleyn answered, and then, as they journeyed on their way, he told them the many things that had befallen him.

"But you," said Alleyn, "there have been changes with you also. Where are bow and sword and cap—and why so warlike, John?"

"It is a game which friend Aylward hath been teaching of," he said, "and I found him an over-apt pupil." He rumbled the bowman. "He hath stripped me. But, by my hilt! you must render them back to me. I am a knight, lest I should lose my name, and I will pay you for them at armorer's prices."

"Take them, back man, and never heed the pay," said John. "I wish to learn the feel of them, since I am like to have such trinkets hung to my own girdle for some years to come."

"Ma fol, he was born a free companion!" cried Aylward. "He hath the very trick of speech and turn of thought. I take them back then, and indeed it gives me unease, not to feel my jew-stave going against my leg. It shames me in that way, thinking that Sir Nigel Loring, who hath been before sunset, as was his custom, had taken his dogs for an evening breather. Two russet-clad varlets, with loud halloo and cracking whips, walked thigh-deep amid the swarm, guiding, controlling, and urging. Behind came Sir Nigel himself, with Lady Loring upon his arm, the pair walking slowly and stately, as befitted both their age and their condition. They paused at the bridge.

Sir Nigel was a slight man of poor stature, with soft lips and gentle ways. So short was he that his wife, who was no very tall woman, had the better of him by the breadth of three fingers. He was a knight, and in his early years by a basketful of lime which had been emptied over him when he led the Earl of Derby's stormers up the hill of Bergeret, he had contracted something of a stoop, with a blinking, peering expression of face. His age was six-and-forty, but the constant practice of arms, together with his activity and endurance unimpaired, so that from a distance he seemed to have the slight limbs and swift grace of a boy. His face, however, was tanned of a yellow tint, and the little pointed beard which he wore was streaked and shot with gray. His features were small, delicate, and regular, with clear-cut curving nose, and eyes which jutted forward from the lids. His dress was simple and yet spruce. A gold embroidered belt of knighthood encircled his loins, with his arms, five roses, and a field argent, and a sword hilt upon the clasp. So stood Sir Nigel Loring upon the bridge of Avon, and talked lightly with his lady.

And, certes, had the two visages alone been seen, and the stranger been asked which were the more likely to belong to the bold warrior whose name was loved by the roughest soldiery of Europe, he had assuredly seen the lady's. Her face was large and square, with fierce thick brows, and the eyes of one who was accustomed to rule. It was the age of martial women, the deeds of Black Agnes of Dunbar, the Lady Salisbury, and of the Countess of Montfort were still fresh in the public mind. With such examples before them, the wives of the English captains had become as warlike as their husbands, and ordered the castle in their absence with the prudence and discipline of veteran seneschals. Right easy were the Montagues of their Castle of Twynham, a little had they to dread from roving parties of French squadrons while Lady Mary Loring had the ordering of it.

"I tell you, my lord," she was saying, "that it is not fit training for a demoiselle: hawks and hounds, roses and chess, singing a French rondel, or reading the Gestes de Doon de Mayence, as I found her yesternight, pre-tending sleep, the artful, with the corner of the pillow bent her by Father Christopher of the Priory, forsooth—that is ever her answer. How shall all this help her, when she has a castle of her own to keep, with a hundred months all again for beef and drink?"

"True, my sweet bird, true," answered the knight. "The maid is like the eagle, and she will not be content with plumes for very lust of life. Give her time, dame, give her time!"

"Well, I know that my father would have given me, not time, but a good hazel-stick across my shoulders. I know not what the world is coming to, when young maids may flout their elders. I wonder that you do not correct her."

"Nay, my heart's comfort, I never raised hand to woman yet, and it would be a passing strange thing if I began upon my own flesh and blood. But I

doubt not that you are right, and that Maude's wings need clipping, which I may leave in your hands when I am gone. For so long as this peaceable life is not for me, and were it not for your gracious kindness and loving care I could not abide it a week. I hear that there is talk of warlike muster at Bordeaux once more, and by St. Paul! it would be a new thing if the lions of England and the red pile of Chandos were to be seen in the field, and the roses of France were not waving by their side."

"Now woe with me but I feared it!" cried she, with the color all struck from her face. "I have noted your absent mind, your kindling eyes, your trying and riveting of old harness. Consider, my sweet lord, that you have already won much honor, that we have seen but little of each other, that you bear upon your body the scars of over twenty wounds received in I know not how many bloody encounters."

"My lady, when our liege lord the King at three-score years, and my Lord Chandos, at three-score and ten, are blithe and ready to lay lance in rest for England's cause, it would ill become me to prate of service done. It should now hold back if a man's work is to be done. Besides, bethink you how low is our purse, with bailiff and reeve ever croaking of empty farms and wasting lands. Were it not for this constableness which the Earl of Salisbury hath bestowed upon us, we could scarce uphold the state which is fitting to our degree. Therefore, my sweetest, there is the more need that I should turn to where there is good pay to be earned and brave ransoms to be won."

"Ah, my dear lord," quoth she, with sad weary eyes, "I thought that at last I had you to mine own self, even though your youth had been spent afar from my side. Yet my voice, as I know full, should speed you on to glory and renown, and hold you back when facing is to be won. Yet what can I say? For all men know that your valor needs the curb and not the spur!"

"I have in my heart's dove, for it is like that there may be no wage, and we must await the news. But here are three strangers, and one, as I take it, a soldier fresh from service. It is likely that he may give us word of what is stirring over the water."

Lady Loring, glancing up, saw in the fading light the three companions

shoulders drew into tense bunches with the strain of the tug, the stone gave way from its bed with a gurgling suck and came free in his hands. With a deep chested chuckle as the archer stepped forward to help in the throwing, Hordie John straightened himself and hurried the rock well out into the stream.

"Good lack!" cried Sir Nigel, and "Good lack!" cried his lady, while John stood laughing and wiping the caked dirt from his fingers.

"I have felt his arms round my ribs," said the bowman, "and they crackle yet at the thought of it. This other comrade, fair Sir, is a right learned clerk, for all that he is a young man; high Alleyn, the son of Edric, brother to the Socman of Minstead."

"Young man," quoth Sir Nigel sternly, "if you are of the same way of thought as your brother, you may not pass portcullis of mine."

"Nay, fair Sir," cried Aylward hastily, "I will be pledge for it that they have no thought in common; for this very day his brother hath set his dogs upon him, and driven him from his lands."

"And are you, too, of the White Company?" asked Sir Nigel. "Hast had small experience of war, if I may judge by looks and bearing."

"I would fain to France with my friends here," Alleyn answered, "but I am a man of peace—a reader, exorcist, acolyte, and clerk."

"That need not hinder," quoth Sir Nigel. "It is well to have a learned clerk in every troop. By St. Paul, there are men so callit that they think more of a scrivener's pen than of their lady's smile, and do their devoir in hopes that they may fill a line in a chronicle or make a tag to a jongleur's romance. I remember well that, at the siege of Retters, there was a little, sleek, fat clerk of the name of Chaucer, who was so apt at rondel, sirvente, or tonson, that no man dare give back a foot from the walls, lest he find it all set down in his rhyme and sung by every underling and varlet in the camp. But, my soul's bird, you hear me prate as though all were decided, when I have not yet taken counsel either with you or with my lady mother. Let us to the chamber, while these strangers find such fare as pantry and celler may furnish."

The three comrades dropped behind and followed: Aylward much the lighter for having accomplished his mission, Alleyn full of wonderment at the humble bearing of so renowned a

reared up, with eyes ablaze with fear and hate, and whirled its great paws above the knight to smite him to the earth. He, however, blinking with puckered eyes, reached up his kerchief, and flicked the beast twice across the snout with it. Ah, saucy! saucy!" quoth he, with gentle chiding; on which the bear, uncertain and puzzled, dropped its fore legs to earth again, and waddling back, was soon swathed in ropes by the bearward and a crowd of peasants who had been in close pursuit. As they passed through the castle gate, John plucked at Aylward's sleeve, and the two fell behind.

"I must crave your pardon, comrade," said he bluntly. "I was a fool not to know that a little rooster may be the gamest. I believe that this man is indeed a leader whom we may follow."

CHAPTER VIII.

Black was the mouth of Twynham Castle, though the arches, burning at the further end of the gateway, cast a red glare over the outer bailey, and sent a dim ruddy flicker through the rough-hewn arch, rising and falling with fitful brightness on the shields which bore the red roses of the veteran constable. As they passed over the drawbridge, Alleyn marked the gleam of arms in the embrasures to right and left, and they had scarce set foot upon the causeway ere a hoarse blare burst from a bugle, and with screech the wings and clank of chain, the ponderous bridge swung up into the air, drawn by unseen hands. At the same instant the huge portcullis came rattling down from above, and shut on the last fading light of day. Sir Nigel and his lady walked on in deep talk, while a fat under-steward took charge of the three comrades, and led them to the buttery, where, bread, beer, and drink were kept ever in readiness for the wayfarer. After a hearty meal and a dip in the trough to wash the dust from them, they strode forth into the bailey, where the bowman peered about through the darkness at wall and at keep, with the carping eyes of one who is not lightly to be satisfied. To Alleyn and to John, however, it appeared to be as great and as stout a fortress as could be built by the hands of man.

"Is there an archer here high Sam Aylward?" asked a gaunt man-at-arms, clanking up to them across the courtyard.

"My name, friend!" quoth the bowman.

"Then sure I have no need to tell thee mine," said the other.

By the road if it is not Black Simon of Norwich," cried Aylward, "a mon coeur, camarade, a mon coeur! Ah, but I am blithe to see thee! the two fell upon each other and hugged like bears. And where from, old blood and bones?" asked the bowman.

"I am in service here. Tell me, comrade, is it sooth that we shall have another flag at these Frenchmen? It is so rumored in the guard-rooms, and that Sir Nigel will take the field once more."

"It is like enough, mon gar, as things go."

Now may the Lord be praised!" cried the other. "This very night will I set apart a golden ounce to be offered on the shrine of my name-saint. I have pinned for this, Aylward, as a young maid pines for her lover."

"Art so set on plunder, then? Is the purse so light that there is not enough for a rouse? I have a bag at my belt, camarade, and you have but to put your fist into it for what you want. It was ever share and share between."

"Nay, friend, it is not the Frenchman's gold, but the Frenchman's blood that I would have. I should not rest

rood! I shall drive him into the earth like a nail into a door, rather than see you do so to each other."

"Fore God, this is a strange way of preaching peace," cried Black Simon. "You may find the scath yourself, my lusty friend, if you raise your great cudgel to me. I had as lief have the castle drawbridge drop upon my pate."

"Tell me, Aylward," said Alleyn earnestly, with hands outstretched to keep the pair asunder, "what is the cause of quarrel, that we may see whether honorable settlement may not be arrived at?"

The bowman looked down at his feet and then up at the moon. "Parbleu! Why mon pett, it was years ago in Limousin, and how can I bear in mind what was the cause of it? Simon there hath it at the end of his tongue."

"Not I, in truth," replied the other. "There was some sort of bickering over dice, or wine, or was it a woman, coz?"

"Pasques Dieu! but you have nicked it," cried Aylward. "It was indeed about a woman; and the quarrel must go forward, for I am still of the same mind as before."

"What of the woman, then?" asked Simon. "May the murrain strike me if I can call to mind aught about her?"

"It was La Blanche Rose, maid at the sign of the Trois Corbeaux at Limoges. Bless her pretty heart! Why, mon gar, I loved her."

"So did a many," quoth Simon. "I call her to mind now. On the very day that we fought over the little hussy, she went off with Evan ap Iwan, a long-legged Welsh dogsman. They have a hostel of their own now, somewhere on the banks of Garonne, where the landlord drinks so much of the liquor that there is little left for the customers."

"So ends our quarrel, then," said Aylward, sheathing his sword. "A Welsh dogsman, I faith! C'etait mauvais gout, camarade, and the more so when she had a jolly archer and a lusty man-at-arms to choose from."

The old soldiers and Hordie John strode off together in all good-fellowship. Alleyn had turned to follow them, when he felt a touch upon his side, and found a young page by his side.

"The Lord Loring commands," said the boy, "that you will follow me to the great chamber, and await him there."

In the broad steps Alleyn went, following his boyish guide, until at the folding oak doors the latter paused, and ushered him into the main hall of the castle.

Entering the room the clerk looked round, but seeing no one he continued to stand, his cap in his hand, examining with the greatest interest a chamber which was so different to any to which he was accustomed.

Most interesting of all to Alleyn was a small ebony table at his very side, on which, by the side of a chess-board and the scattered chessmen, there lay an open manuscript written in a right hand, and black and set forth with brave flourishes and devices along the margins. In vain Alleyn bethought him of where he was and of those laws of good breeding and decorum which should restrain him; those colored carrels and black and red lines which drew down to them, as the loadstone draws the needle, until, almost before he knew it, he was standing with the romance of Garin de Montglane before him, so absorbed in its contents as to be completely oblivious of where he was and why he had come there.

He was brought back to himself, however, by a sudden little ripple of quick feminine laughter. Agast, he dropped the manuscript, and the chessmen and stared in bewilderment round the room. It was as empty and as still as ever. Again he stretched his hand out to the romance, and again came that rough burst of merriment. He looked up at the ceiling, and the closed door, and round at the stiff folds of motionless tapestry. Of a sudden, however, he caught a quick shimmer from the corner of a high-backed banial in front of him, and, shifting a pace of two to the side, saw a white, slender hand, which held a mirror of polished silver in such a way that the concealed observer could see without being seen. He stood irresolute, uncertain whether to advance or to take no notice; but, even as he hesitated, the mirror was whipped in, and a tall and stately young lady swept out from behind the oaken screen, with a dainty gleam of mischief in her eyes. Alleyn started with astonishment as he recognized the very maiden who had suffered from his brother's violence in the forest. She no longer wore her gay riding-dress, however, but was attired in a long sweeping robe of black velvet of Bruges, with delicate tracery of white lace at neck and at wrist, scarce to be seen against the ivory of her gown. Her hair had seemed to him before, the lithe charm of her figure and the proud, free grace

of her bearing were enhanced now by the rich simplicity of her attire.

"Ah, you start," said she, with the same sidelong look of mischief, "and I cannot marvel at it. Didst not look to see the distressed damozel again? Ah, that I were a minstrel, that I might put it into rhyme, with the whole romance—the luckless maid, the wicked socman, and the virtuous clerk! So might our same have gone down together for all time, and you be numbered with Sir Percival or Sir Galahad, or all the other rescuers of oppressed ladies."

"That I did," said Alleyn, "was too small a thing for thanks; and yet if I may say it without offence, it was too grave and near a matter for mirth and raillery. I had counted on my brother's love, but God has willed that it should be otherwise. It is a joy to me to see you again, lady, and to know that you have reached home in safety, if this be indeed your home."

"Yes, in sooth, Castle Twynham is my home, and my Nigél, my father. I should have told you so this morning, but you said that you were coming hither, so I bethought me that I might hold it back as a surprise to you. Oh, how I am glad to see you!" she cried, bursting out a laughing once more, standing with her hand pressed to her side, and her half-closed eyes twinkling with amusement. "You drew back and came forward with your eyes upon my book there, like the mouse who sniffs the cheese and yet dreads the trap."

"I should have touched it," said Alleyn, "that I should have touched it."

"Nay, it warmed my very heart to see it. So glad was I that I laughed for very pleasure. My fine preacher I; he is not made of another clay to the rest of us."

"God help me! I am the weakest of the weak," groaned Alleyn. "I pray that I may never see him again."

"And to what end?" she asked sharply. "If you are, as I understand, to shut yourself forever in your cell within the four walls of an abbey, then of what use would it be to have me to be answered? Wilt do what I ask?" said she.

"What is it, lady?"

"Tis to hear, me out in what I say to my father."

"In what?"

"In saying, if he ask, that it was south of the Christchurch road that I met him, and that he was with the tire-women else, and have week of spindle and bodkin, when I would fain be galloping Troubadour up Wilverley Road, losing my little falcon Roland in the forest."

"I shall not answer him if he ask."

"Not answer! But he will have an answer. Nay, but you must not fail me, or it will go ill with me."

"But, lady," cried poor Alleyn, in great distress, "how can I say that it was to the south of the road when I know well that it was four miles to the north?"

"You will not say it?"

"Surely you will not, too, when you know that it is not so?"

"Oh, weary of your preaching!" she cried, and gave more away with a gas of her beautiful head, leaving Alleyn as cast down and ashamed as though he had himself proposed some infamous thing. She was back again in an instant, however, in another of her varying moods.

"Look at that, my friend!" said she. "If you had been shut up in abbey or cell this day, you could not have taught a wayward maiden to abide by the truth. Is it not so? What avail is the shepherd if he leaves his sheep?"

"A sorry shepherd!" said Alleyn humbly. "But here is your noble father."

"And you shall see how worthy a pupil I am. Father, I am much beholden to this young clerk, who was of service to me and helped me this very morning in Minstead Woods, four miles to the north of the Christchurch road, where I had no call to be, you having ordered it otherwise. All this she recited in a loud voice, and then glanced with sideling questioning eyes at Alleyn for his approval.

(To be Continued Next Week.)

walking abreast down the road, all gray with dust, and stained with travel, yet chattering merrily between themselves. He had contracted something of a stoop, with a blinking, peering expression of face. His age was six-and-forty, but the constant practice of arms, together with his activity and endurance unimpaired, so that from a distance he seemed to have the slight limbs and swift grace of a boy. His face, however, was tanned of a yellow tint, and the little pointed beard which he wore was streaked and shot with gray. His features were small, delicate, and regular, with clear-cut curving nose, and eyes which jutted forward from the lids. His dress was simple and yet spruce. A gold embroidered belt of knighthood encircled his loins, with his arms, five roses, and a field argent, and a sword hilt upon the clasp. So stood Sir Nigel Loring upon the bridge of Avon, and talked lightly with his lady.

And, certes, had the two visages alone been seen, and the stranger been asked which were the more likely to belong to the bold warrior whose name was loved by the roughest soldiery of Europe, he had assuredly seen the lady's. Her face was large and square, with fierce thick brows, and the eyes of one who was accustomed to rule. It was the age of martial women, the deeds of Black Agnes of Dunbar, the Lady Salisbury, and of the Countess of Montfort were still fresh in the public mind. With such examples before them, the wives of the English captains had become as warlike as their husbands, and ordered the castle in their absence with the prudence and discipline of veteran seneschals. Right easy were the Montagues of their Castle of Twynham, a little had they to dread from roving parties of French squadrons while Lady Mary Loring had the ordering of it.

"I tell you, my lord," she was saying, "that it is not fit training for a demoiselle: hawks and hounds, roses and chess, singing a French rondel, or reading the Gestes de Doon de Mayence, as I found her yesternight, pre-tending sleep, the artful, with the corner of the pillow bent her by Father Christopher of the Priory, forsooth—that is ever her answer. How shall all this help her, when she has a castle of her own to keep, with a hundred months all again for beef and drink?"

"True, my sweet bird, true," answered the knight. "The maid is like the eagle, and she will not be content with plumes for very lust of life. Give her time, dame, give her time!"

"Well, I know that my father would have given me, not time, but a good hazel-stick across my shoulders. I know not what the world is coming to, when young maids may flout their elders. I wonder that you do not correct her."

"Nay, my heart's comfort, I never raised hand to woman yet, and it would be a passing strange thing if I began upon my own flesh and blood. But I



"FLICKED THE BEAST TWICE ACROSS THE SNOUT."

captain, and John loud with snorts and sneers, which spoke his disappointment and contempt.

"What ails the man?" asked Aylward in surprise.

"I have been cozened and bejaped," quoth he gruffly.

"By whom, Sir Samson the strong?"

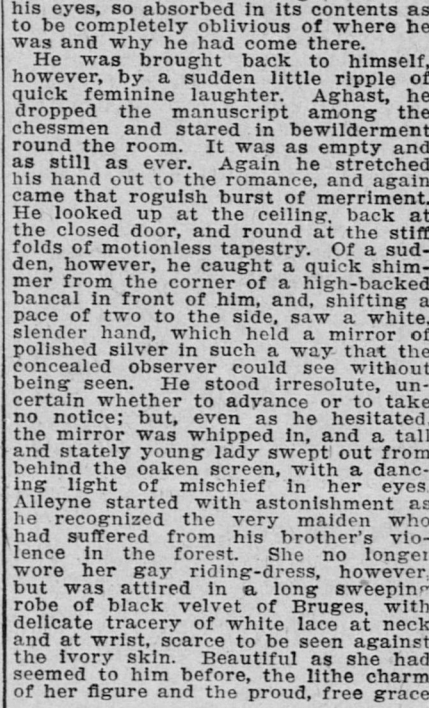
"By thee, Sir Balaam the false prophet."

"By my hilt!" cried the archer, "though I be not Balaam, yet I hold cony-trick with the very creature that spake to him. What is amiss, then, and how have I played you false?"

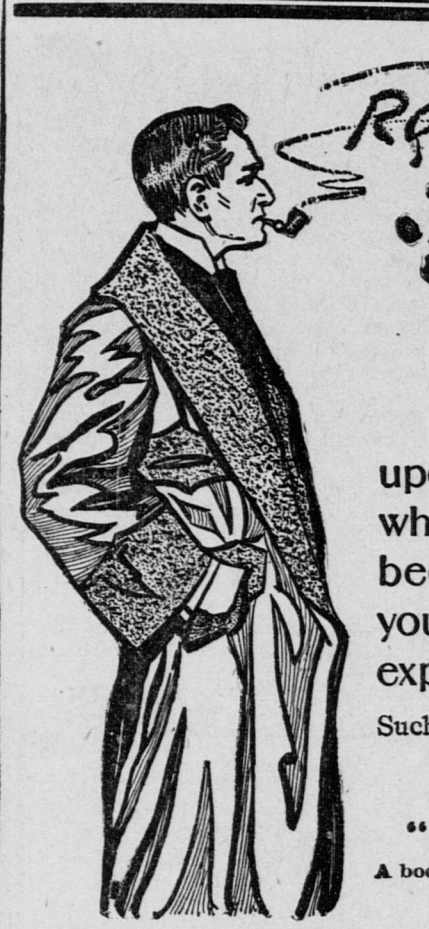
"Why, marry, did you not say, and Alleyn here will be my witness, that if they have but a good huntsman, you would place me under a leader who was second to none in all England for valor? Yet here you bring me to a share of a man, weak and ill-nourished, with eyes like a moulting owl, who must needs, forsooth, take counsel with his mother ere he buckles sword to girdle."

"Is that where the shoe galls?" cried the bowman, and laughed aloud. "I will ask you what you think of him three months hence, if we be all alive; for sure I am that."

Aylward's words were interrupted by an extraordinary hubbub which broke out that instant some little way down the street in the direction of the Priory. There was deep-mouthed shouting of men, frightened shrieks of women, howling and barking of curs, and over all a sullen thunderous rumble, indescribably menacing and threatening. Round the corner of the narrow street there came rushing a brace of whining dogs with tails glued under their legs, after them a white-faced burgher, with outstretched hands and wide-spread fingers, his hair all a-bristle and his eyes glinting back from one shoulder to the other, as though some great terror were at his very heels. "Fly, my last, then, like a bolt from bow; while close behind came lumbering a huge black bear, with red tongue lolling from his mouth, and a broken chain jangling behind him. To the right and left the folk flew for arch and doorway. Hordie John caught up the Lady Loring as if she had been a feather, and sprang with her into an open porch; while Aylward, with a whirl of French oaths, plucked at his oliver and tried to unsling his bow. Alleyn, all unversed at so strange and unwonted a sight, shrunk up against a friezed creature, which came bounding along with ungainly speed, looking the larger in the uncertain light, its huge body apace, with blood and slaver trickling to the ground. Sir Nigel alone, unconscious of all appearance of the universal panic, walked with unflinching step up the centre of the road, his gait as steady as a horse, and his gold comfit-box in the other. It sent the blood cold through Alleyn's veins to see that as they came together—the man and the beast—the creature



What Does This Mean?



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TO BREED RESISTANT PLANTS.

Crops, Proof Against Insects or Disease Can Be Grown by the Farmer.

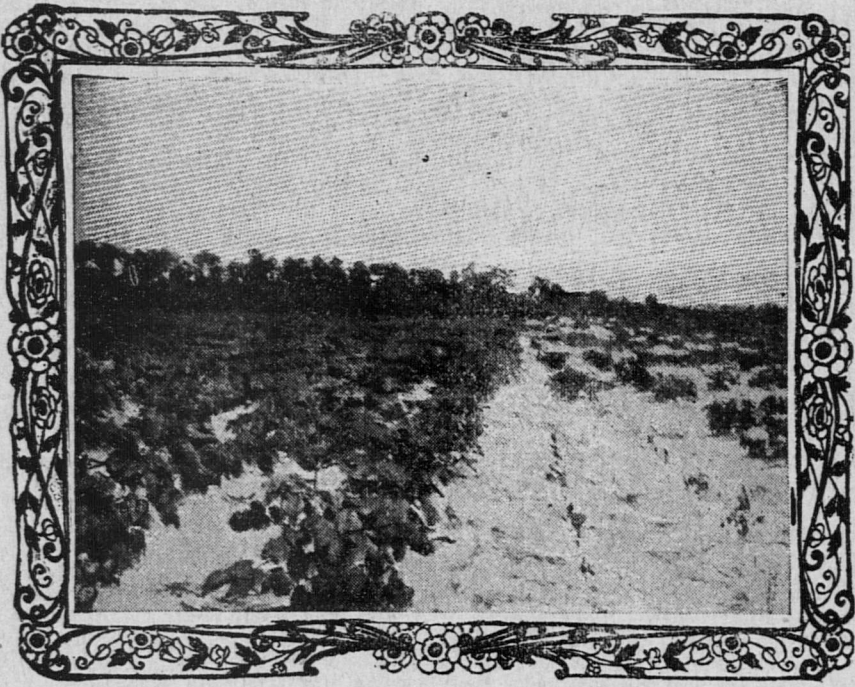
GUY ELLIOTT MITCHELL.

The farmer's too greatest foes are insects and plant diseases. He can, by a proper rotation of crops and fertilization, convert a poor into a rich soil, and he can stimulate plant growth by plenty of fertilization. By the same process he can keep down the weeds which rob his crops of nourishment and moisture. He can, to a great extent, overcome, with but little trouble, all the various smaller hindrances to crop growing—all but the bugs and the blight. These twain are hard to handle. None is so arrogant as to profess indifference to their attacks. Not many years ago they were expected, not the less dreaded, especially the blights and the rots and the mildews; they were the natural visitations of providence. There was no use trying to combat them. If they came, they came. The farmer prayed that they might not come that year. Now, science has shown us that they can, in most cases, be overcome. If not overcome, they can be prevented. Yet the process is often fraught with great trouble and expense to the farmer.

Now suppose a man could develop a strain of plants so hardy that blights and rust would pass them by in disgust and so bitter and unsavory for a bug that the *hymenoptera*, the *coleoptera* and the other "toughs" of the insect trust would pass by and prefer to eat oak and hickory leaves? It would be a cinch for that man, would it not? He could sit in the shade and hire myrmidons to do his work, directing those close at hand in person and those at a distance by telephone. Such a condition may be possible. The man who gets in first would be the one to sit in the shade and reap the advantage. Eventually we would all get on to the scheme, and, unless the population of the world increased with accelerated rapidity, there would be an over-production of food products and prices would eventually get back to their present level, so that we would all have to work again.

The Department of Agriculture and some of the experiment stations have been working along this line of selecting resistant plants with the idea of at least giving the enterprising American farmer a good big start.

In the aggregate enormous crop losses—millions and millions—are caused by the attacks of insects and plant diseases. In dry weather insects are particularly abundant, and in wet weather plant diseases flourish.



"JACKSON" COTTON ON THE LEFT, "DRAKE" ON THE RIGHT. Comparative Resistance to Wilt Disease.

ish, while in average weather both do the best they can to gather the crop ahead of the farmer. Many plant diseases and insects can be controlled by the various poisons, sprays, and cultural methods already discovered, but for some—as, for example, the rust of wheat, peach yellows, clover-seed fly, etc.—satisfactory remedies have not yet been discovered.

Some instances may be cited to show just what is meant by resistant or immune varieties and their value. Grapes furnish a striking example. European grapes planted in this country fail wherever the American grape-root louse is present, because the louse is able to attack and destroy the roots of these varieties. The roots of native American grapes are also attacked by the same louse, but are so hard and wiry that the louse can not destroy them. In other words they are resistant.

The unusual resistance of the Keiffer pear to blight has made it possible to grow this pear in the Southern States, where most other varieties fail because of blight. The variety of cowpea known as Little Iron has proved so resistant to wilt disease that in some fields it has survived when all other varieties have been killed. American gooseberries are but little subject to the mildew which seriously affects the larger English varieties when grown here. With nearly every crop grown, some of its varieties are more resistant or immune to some disease or insect attack than others.

Some varieties of the same plant are but little affected by a disease, while others are badly injured. Variations in this respect also extend to individual plants of a given variety. These facts have been utilized to some extent in the origination of the various so-called "disease-proof" varieties which have been introduced into culture—as, for example, the "rust-proof" varieties of wheat, oats, etc. As a rule, however, these varieties have not been developed by any systematic, scientific methods of selection and breeding, and although a few show merit, most of them have not measured up to the claims made for them. They have, however, served

a very useful purpose in turning the thought of scientific and practical men as well, in the direction of the development of disease-resistant varieties with results which promise to prove of great practical utility.

POTATOES.

During recent years the disease resistance of potatoes especially has received attention by several of the agricultural experiment stations in the United States, notably those of Maine, Minnesota, and Vermont. A recent bulletin of the Bureau of Plant Industry of the Department of Agriculture, prepared by L. R. Jones, of the Vermont Station, summarizes and discusses this work, and that along similar lines abroad, as well as the experience of practical growers. Summarizing the results, Professor Jones draws the following tentative conclusions:

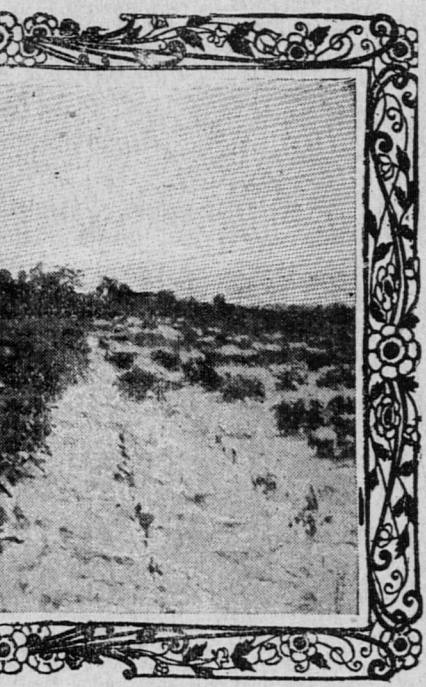
Disease resistance in potatoes is relative, not absolute, no variety known being wholly proof against late blight and rot. It seems related to general vegetative vigor, and is, therefore, in a measure dependent upon cultural and developmental conditions and tends to decrease with the age of the variety. It can be restored by originating new varieties from seed, especially of hybrid origin. Not all seedlings show superior disease resistance.

Early varieties may escape the disease by maturing before it becomes epidemic, but when similarly exposed they are, as a class, less resistant than late varieties.

The source of seed tubers is a matter of importance, northern-grown seed giving plants the superior disease resistance in Europe. Seed from a crop that was not too highly fertilized is probably preferable. Possibly tubers are better for seed purposes if dug before they reach full maturity. High fertilization, especially with nitrogenous manures, lowers the power of the plant to resist both blight and rot.

So far as skin characteristics are an index, the red varieties with thick and rough skin seem more resistant as a class than the thin-skinned white varieties. So far as stem and foliage characters are concerned, the evidence favors the stem that is hard, rough, and rather woody at the base, and the leaf that is small, somewhat rough, and dark colored.

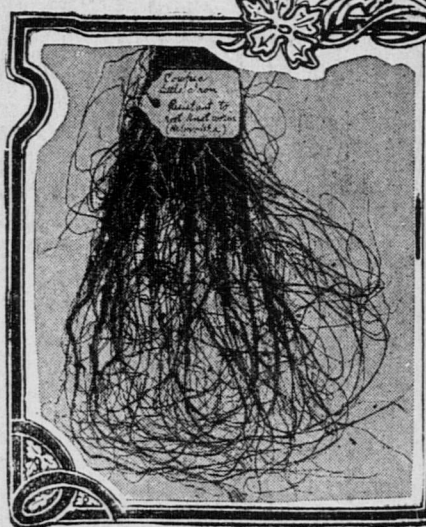
In America trials as to disease resistance have been conducted at some of the experiment stations, notably in



Vermont, where experiments in breeding and selection for increased resistance are under way. These results have been correlated with information recently secured by a circular of inquiry addressed to a large number of potato specialists in the Northeastern States and in Canada. From these it appears that a wide variation is shown in disease resistance among the varieties now in cultivation in America, but that no one variety is preeminent.

Among those which have been widely tested, the following deserve mention as of the resistant class: Dakota Red, Rustproof, Irish, Cobbler, Sir Walter Raleigh, Doe Pride, and White Beauty.

In tests made at the Vermont station in 1905 the following varieties



Roots of "Iron" Cowpea, Resistant to Root Knot.

showed marked resistance to blight on both sandy loam and clay loam soils: Keeper, American Wonder, Dakota Red, Doe Pride, and Late Blightless.

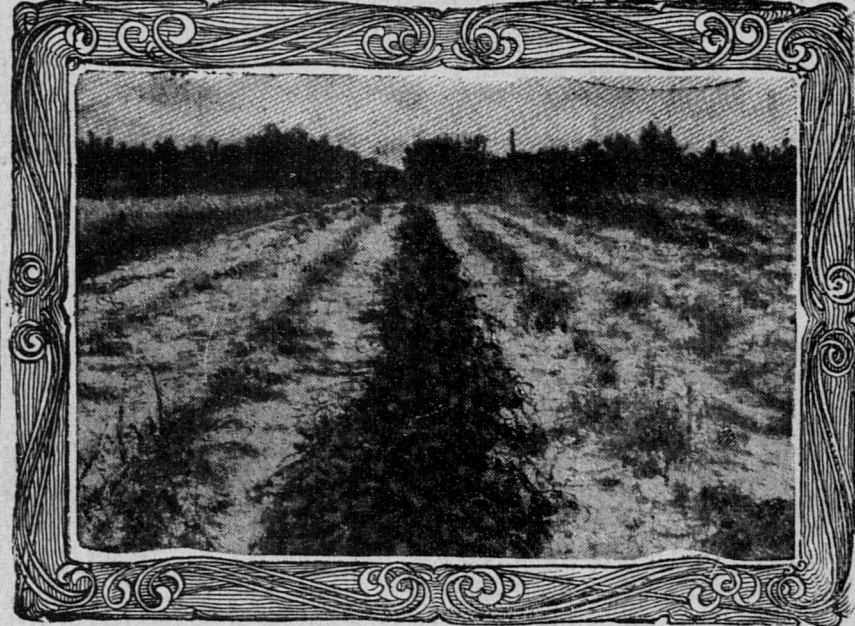
Varities having an upright habit of growth, moderately branched, with firm, hairy, medium-sized leaves are much more likely to prove resistant to late blight than are those with large,

smooth, flabby leaves and decumbent stems.

The evidence at hand seems to justify the hope that the combined efforts of potato specialists working from both the practical and the scientific standpoints may soon result in the development of varieties of potatoes combining general excellence with a high degree of disease resistance.

CANTALOUPE.

A recent bulletin of the Colorado Station reports the discovery by a local grower of a rust-resisting cantaloupe which promises to be of immense value to the Rockyford cantaloupe industry. In this case seed of the Rockyford variety was purchased from five different seedsmen. They were planted and cultivated under similar conditions. When rust attacked the field just before the melons began to ripen, it developed rapidly and soon destroyed all the vines except those



Taylor Iron Black. "IRON" COWPEA VS. "BLACK" AND "TAYLOR." Showing Comparative Resistance to Wilt and Root Knot.

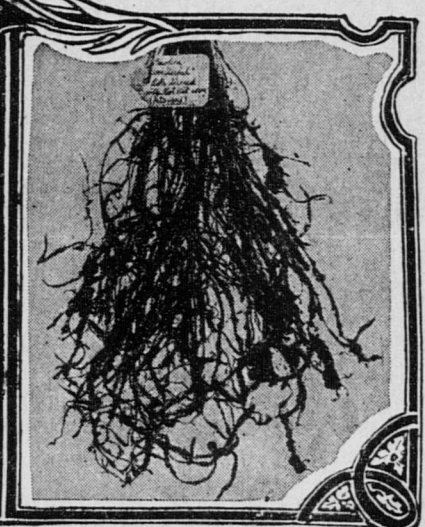
grown from the seed of one seedsman. Many of the hills from this strain of Rockyford seed remained green throughout the season and produced a good crop of melons. Further observations in the muskmelon fields of that neighborhood also showed that wherever this strain of Rockyford seed had been used many hills were unaffected with rust, while with other strains of seed of the same variety the vines were all dead.

The investigator selected a quantity of seed from the rust-resistant hills and planted them in comparison with ordinary seed. "On the rust-resisting hills the melons were hidden under a healthy growth of vines, and were large, solidly netted, with thick, firm flesh, small seed cavity completely filled with seed. On the rusted hills the plants were almost devoid of leaves and the small melons were prematurely ripe, with thin, watery flesh, open, large seed cavity, and practically of no market value."

In tracing back the history of this strain of seed it was found that some years before a seedsman had saved the first lot from a single healthy melon taken from a field of rusted vines. It had therefore been developed by the simple process of saving seed from the best melons produced by plants which withstood attacks of rust when surrounding plants were destroyed by this disease. What was thus accomplished by one farmer with one crop can probably be accomplished by other farmers with the same or with other crops, if they will be alert, while the crops are growing, to select and mark individual plants which show exceptional merit along the lines of prolific yield, early maturity, resistance to disease, or other desirable quality, and save seed separately from the plant showing such qualities. Marked variations which may be profitably utilized in this way are constantly occurring and are plainly evident on all farms.

The point to be emphasized is that improvements in farm crop varieties nearly always trace back to individual plants. No one is in better position to notice these exceptional plants than the farmer. He is in his fields, garden, or orchard, every day, where these exceptional plants are produced. If one plant in a rust-infected wheat field stands up green and free from the disease, that is a plant to save seed from as the basis of a rust-resistant strain. If one hill of potatoes in a blighted field remains unaffected by disease, seed from that hill may produce a blight-resistant variety. If a squash plant is found that is distasteful to the squash bug, seed from that hill may produce squash vines which the bugs will not molest.

The important fact is that some plants are much more resistant to disease and insect attacks than others. It is a question of seeing the resistant



Roots of "Wonderful" Cowpea, Attacked by Root Knot.

plant and propagating from it. The farmer has as great opportunity for doing this as the seedsman.

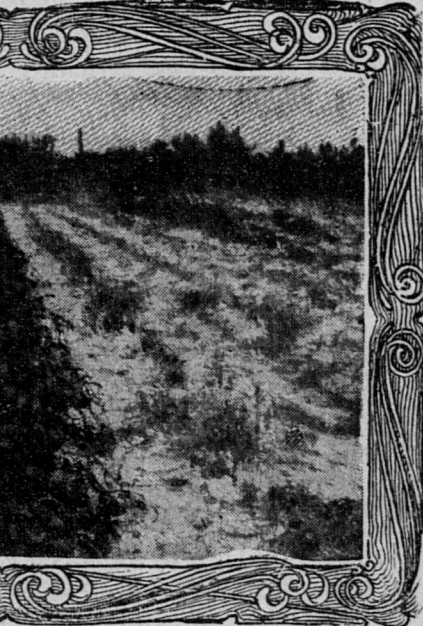
The gold mine of the world is \$4.61 for each inhabitant and the gold money in the United States is \$16.33 for each inhabitant.

STYLES FOR WARM WEATHER.

Fashions for Heated Term are in Harmony with Comfort.

BY BERTHA BROWNING.

The summer fashions have become quite as settled as they are apt to during the season, and those wardrobes which are just preparing have the advantage of being exactly what is desired rather than an uncertain forecast. The woman who enjoys the cool breezes of her own veranda rather than the uncertain comforts of some other may utilize many a summer morning in fashioning pretty blouses of thin material and dainty little coats of lace or lingerie fabrics. It is the detail which makes up the fashionable wardrobes, and any woman who is clever with her fingers may make these small garments or accessories without a great deal of expense, and satisfy



her desire for becomingness and style. Summer gowns are real summer gowns this year, and Mistress Fashion seems to be more in Harmony with comfort than for some years past. Waists may be elaborately inset with lace or embroidered, but they are simply made and with lace collars or low, round or Dutch square necks. Everyone is wearing elbow sleeves except those with scrawny arms, and for them there are sheer undersleeves which conceal any number of ugly lines. Guimps, too, are popular feature this year, and may be purchased reasonably in all manner of pretty styles or be made at home? Some of the daintiest effects are realized in the combination of Valenciennes and swiss or lawn.

The delicately colored slips are appearing again, and under the sheer white dresses are quite enchanting. A white embroidered Swiss over a pink



slip has a deep yoke of Dutch lace inset with Valenciennes. The skirt is frothy with frills and tucks of the self material and inset and cross-strapped with Valenciennes. The belt is of palest pink chiffon ribbon. Small capes are again looked upon with favor, especially the little mantles which go with three-piece suits or those of lace or lingerie fabric which grace thin summer frocks. The return of these is probably due to the return of the small bolero which has appeared in all manner of shapes and styles, the sleeves of which often resemble cape-like affairs.

The long gloves which are worn with short sleeves are held up in a novel way by wristlets of elastic covered with shirred ribbon and finished at the top with a buckle or tiny rosette of ribbon. These are worn just below the elbow or above wherever the glove is supposed to end. They hold the glove in place admirably and are a pretty addition to the toilette. The favorite color for these bracelets is black, but any color of glove is matched in these tiny accessories.

The population of the British empire is 400,000,000 and the area 11,908,378 square miles.

The greatest iron producing state in the South is Alabama. Virginia comes second, Tennessee third, Maryland fourth and West Virginia fifth.

The amount of property destroyed by fire in the United States in the last forty years is incalculable. More than one million buildings have been burned in the last ten years.

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Germany makes more than 1700 varieties of sausages.

The grape harvest of California is about 750,000 tons valued at \$15,000,000.

Ink and fruit stains may be removed from white linens and cottons by soaking them for a few hours in kerosene, then washing in hot water.

Dew forms more readily on some colors than on others. It forms more readily on yellow objects, next on those that are green. It forms slowly on anything red, and most slowly on black.

Fat People

TO ALL SUFFERERS FROM TOO MUCH FAT A TRIAL TREATMENT WILL BE SENT AS A FREE GIFT BY SIMPLY ASKING FOR IT.

THE DANGEROUS SUMMER SEASON WITH ITS TERRIBLE AND EXHAUSTING HEAT IS NOW UPON US. EVERY Ounce OF SUPERFLUOUS FAT IS BURDEN-SOME, UNHEALTHY AND BRINGS MUCH MISERY AND DANGER WHICH MAY MEAN DEATH.



I can reduce your weight 3 to 5 pounds a week. No starving, no exercising, no nauseating drugs nor sickening pills that ruin the stomach. I am a regular, practicing physician and a specialist in the successful reduction of superfluous fat. My perfected treatment quickly relieves you from that feeling of fullness and oppression, strengthens your heart, and enables you to breathe easily, and when you have reduced your flesh to the desired weight, you will never become stout again. Your face and figure will be well shaped. Your skin will be clear and handsome and you will feel and look years younger. Double or und-r-chin, flabby cheeks, heavy abdomen, fat hips and other disagreeable evidences of Obesity are speedily and permanently removed. The flesh becomes firm and solid and the muscles regain strength, activity and vigor. My treatment is recommended by eminent physicians and the highest medical authorities. Prominent physicians themselves are my patients. I absolutely guarantee satisfaction in every case. I send my new book on "Obesity—Its Cause and Cure," free to all interested; also a free trial treatment. Write me confidentially. H. C. BRADFORD, M.D., 20 East 22d St., Dept. 496, New York City.

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ADVERTISING men adept in writing copy are sought for constantly. We need such men at once. Salaries \$300-\$500. Write us to-day. HAFGOODS, Suite 148, 305-309 Broadway, N. Y.

AN EXPERIENCED NURSERY Salesman, also a man to learn the business, Salary or Commission, Pan-American Nurseries, Rochester, N. Y.

WANTED: A Hundred Firemen and Brakemen on different railroads. Age 21 to 30, good sight and hearing. Experience unnecessary. French 30-monthly, become Engineers and earn \$400. Brakemen \$10 monthly, become Conductors and earn \$150. Positions awaiting competent men. Send stamps for particulars. Name position preferred. Railway Association, Room 66, 241 Monroe Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

WANTED: Amateur photographs suitable for art and advertising subjects. Mail print and price with postage for return if not accepted. To The Geo. R. Lawrence Company, 274 Wash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

SALESMEN TO SELL the largest line of souvenir post cards in the country. Also large line of advertising fans. Excellent side line. Good Commission and Free Settlement. H. H. Holman, Publisher, 340 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

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SHIRT WAIST HOLDER EXTRAORDINARY—keeps waist down all around: no pins or hooks to tear; send 2c. with waist measurement over corset and ask for white or black. Felix Corset Co., 131 Pine Street New York.



FRECKLES REMOVED. We can positively remove any case of freckles with STILLMAN'S FRECKLE CREAM. This is a strong assertion, but we will refund your money if not satisfied. Order remedy in preparation for this one alone. Write for particulars. Stillman Freckle Cream Co., Dept. "10," Aurora, Ill.

FREE

OH, BOYS!!! OH, BOYS!!! Earn this newly invented BREECH LOADING GUN or BASE BALL GUTTUT, consisting of large Milt. Cap and five Base Ball by selling 24 splendid lead pencils at 5c. each. It's dead easy; boys we trust you will write for pencils and circular showing Gun, Indian Suits, Target and other premiums. Thirteenth Street Lead Pencil Co., 330 W. 13th Street, New York.

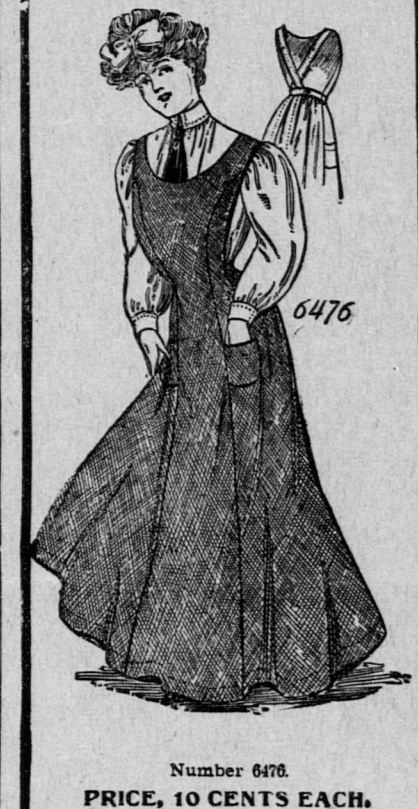
PALISADE PATTERNS.

A PRACTICAL APRON

Designed by BERTHA BROWNING.

Aprons are always a topic of interest to the housewife or any woman who has duties to perform as they are not only a necessary evil but a necessary good. Percale and denim are sturdy stuffs for aprons which must do hard general service where no ruffles or gathers appear and this design is exactly suited to such use and development. No ruffles or gathers add to the labor of making and laundering this apron while the bib portion is broad enough to cover the front of the blouse and so shaped as to suggest the Princess effect. The fitting of the front by gores renders it becoming and practical. The skirt portion offers complete protection for the skirt. Percale, gingham or another apron material may develop the model. Four and three-fourth yards of 36-inch material are necessary in the medium sizes.

6476—Sizes, small, medium and large.

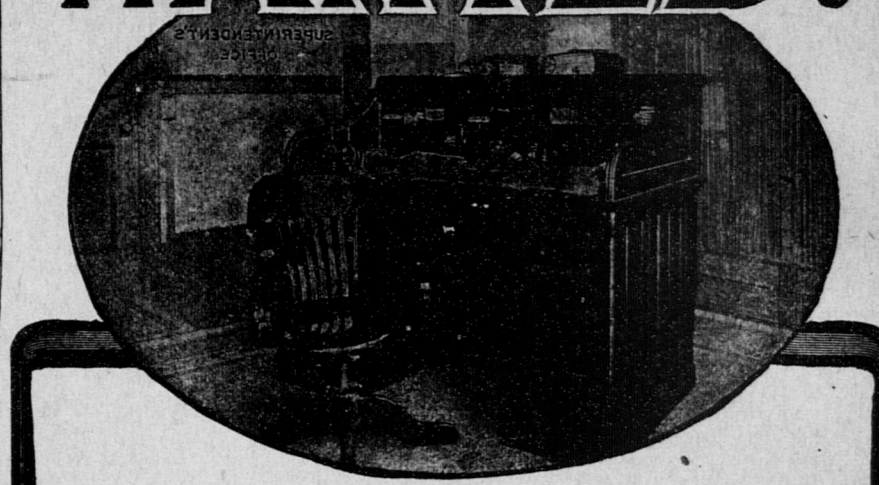


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- Foreman Plumber
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- Mechan. Engineer
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- Building Contractor
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- Bridge Engineer
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